THE COMMONWEAL

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CLEARING THE GROUND

IT is a fact of familiar knowledge that the chief accusation against the Catholic Church used to be that it had corrupted and altered the character which Christianity originally possessed. This charge has been withdrawn by all reputable scholarship. It is now fully admitted that the Catholic Church has preserved and perpetuated all the essential elements of primitive Christianity. The ground now taken in opposition to Catholicism is that it entered the world, not as a supernatural revelation, but merely as one of a group of mystery religions of which it happens to be the sole survivor. The objection to it now is not that it is not a true exhibition of historical Christianity, but that it is an expression of obsolete religious ideas, and hence should give way to modern improvements. The witness of radical criticism is now on the side of Catholic claims as regards their historicity; but is against them as regards their validity from the standpoint of modern science.

This line of attack has really less to go on with than that which has been abandoned. The ecclesiastical system of the Catholic Church was not full grown at its birth, and it has had developments which by ingenious misrepresentation may be exhibited as corruptions. There is much less material for the current attempt to class Catholicism with the pagan mystery cults. On the historical side the evidence is so scanty and so little to the point that the critics working on this line are themselves much at variance as to the significance of the data they are handling. The sacramental resemblances to Christianity they note among pagan cults belong to times when Christianity was fully visible as an active and vigorous system, and its rivals were resorting to imitation. It is an admitted fact, displayed in minute detail in Newman's Essay on Development, that Catholicism has preserved everything of social value in the dispensation of paganism, and that is the only element of truth in the latest line of attack. Its support comes not from the historical evidence, but from the stress of logical exigency upon the class of critics who are bound fast by the materialist dogma that miracles do not happen, and that at any cost the supernatural origin of Christianity can not be allowed.

But this is not the matter that we are now bringing up for consideration. Our purpose is simply to call

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attention to the ethical consequences of the new line of attack on the Catholic Church. It used to be held that Christian ethics were in no wise imperiled by the rejection of Catholic claims, but rather that they would be invigorated by being detached from Catholic control. To a notable extent actual experience seemed to bear out this view for a considerable period. The strictness of Protestant morals in some places was in sharp contrast with the laxity appearing in Catholic countries; but now there is an entirely different situation. It is a logical consequence of the present character of antagonism to Catholic claims that Christian ethics should be put on trial for what they are worth under scientific scrutiny, and the verdict is going against them in many particulars. As to this the witness of literature is readily available. The old evangelical school of thought has practically disappeared from current literature. Its characteristics supply material for only satire or caricature. It is true that the religious motive is just now prominent in fiction, but such positive character as it has is Catholic in tone. Some recent novels by Compton Mackenzie and Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith are typical specimens. But still more prominent and abundant in current fiction is the attack on Christian ethics. The idea that Christian marriage is an inconvenient and oppressive institution is disseminated by innumerable novels and moving pictures. Girls are being familiarized with the notion that what is called sex complaisance may be the expression of free personality. The question has been raised whether there is any sound biological distinction between a mistress and a wife. The dominant characteristic of modern fiction and free verse is neo-paganism.

Throughout all history moral dissolutions are most manifest in their effect upon the relations of the sexes, and such is the case now, but the process extends to all human relationships. It cannot be doubted that in some quarters Christian ethics have become a vexing convention that is giving way under the vigorous exertions of free individuality. The only answer that science can give to the question—"Why should I be moral?" is that it is advised by sound views of interest. It is entirely appropriate for the individual to reply —"I am the judge, and you are not, of where my interest lies." In the past a marked feature of the initial phase of a radical change in morals has been a sense of emancipation, buoyancy and elation. This note is now quite marked in current literature.

So, then, a situation has arrived exactly such as Cardinal Newman anticipated when he wrote—

"Catholic Truth and Rationalism! Then indeed will be the stern encounter, when two real and living principles, simple, entire and consistent, one in the Church and the other out of it, at length rush upon each other, contending not for names and words or half-views, but for elementary notions and distinctive moral characteristics."

The effect of this situation in putting an end to evasion and compromise is displayed in the controversies over issues of principle that are now disturbing our Protestant friends, whose difficulties we view with anxious solicitude. Present circumstances are such that the support of Christian ethics among the people of the United States is largely dependent on the activity and influence of the great Protestant denominations, and it would be a calamity if they should succumb to that neo-paganism which goes by the name of modernism. We know that they are resisting it with imperfect equipment and with insufficient discrimination as to particulars, but we also know that they retain much of Catholic truth and that fact provides a connection of interest and a bond of sympathy which we trust will go on enlarging. It is already manifest that the struggle is modifying their traditional hostility to the Catholic Church, since events are demonstrating that Catholic rites and Catholic cults which they have been in the habit of regarding as excrescences upon Christian faith are in fact the indispensable buttresses of it.

The plan recently proposed by Collier's Weekly for the formation of a common guide of moral teaching in the public schools, which was submitted for the consideration of eminent leaders of the Protestant churches, the Catholic Church, and the Jewish faith, is a marked sign of an undeclared but undoubtedly existent movement toward coöperation in the application of ethical and moral principles to the solution of our social problems. Whether or not it will be possible for the leaders of these various bodies to agree upon such a code, and whether, granting that such an agreement can be reached, it will be practically possible to carry out the plan, are questions apart from the main point we are discussing in this place. The value of any such movement is precisely because it helps in that clearing of the ground which is absolutely necessary before the erection of any stable social institutions can be accomplished. There is after all a fundamental agreement, on grounds of what may be called natural morality, or natural religion, among all people who believe in the existence of a God, and the moral laws established by God for the guidance of humanity. They are opposed by all the heterogeneous groups and schools who at bottom are essentially materialists and deny the moral principles accepted by Christians of all denominations and by the Jews. Wherever it is possible for those to whom spiritual realities are still valid to coöperate in common efforts for the general welfare, a great step forward has been made toward the achievement of real social stability and high civilization. Certainly if the United States remains true to its foundation principles our nation should prove to be the leader in such a coöperation. If it can achieve this leadership it will set an example to the entire world which will be of the utmost consequence and lasting value.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

WHEN this issue of The Commonweal reaches its readers an event will have occured that we believe to be of tremendous practical import to all the world, although it may seem to many to be at most of merely sentimental, or pietistic significance to Catholics. We refer to the beginning of the Jubilee, or Holy Year, in Rome, inaugurated on Christmas Eve when the Pope opened the porta santa, or holy door, in St. Peter's, pronouncing as he did so the words—"Open unto me the gates of justice." Every twenty-five years, in modern times, and at varying periods before, since at least as early a time as the year 1300, these years of jubilee, of pilgrimage, and of world-wide quickening of Catholic faith and practice have set their indelible marks upon history. We believe that 1925 will mark an especially strong, deep, and lasting impress of the Christian spirit upon humanity. "The Peace of Christ in the Reign of Christ," is the motto chosen by the present Pope for his object. How except through the door of justice, symbolically opened on Christmas Eve, is peace to come to the distracted world today? No fact of our times is more significant, and hopeful, than the marvelous resurgences of Catholic Christianity that has followed in the wake of the war. Throughout Christendom during 1925 the devotion and spiritual energy which will center in Rome will be broadcast, as it were, by the radios of the soul, as well as spread about by the reports in the press and by all the material agencies of inter-communication which are blessings when they bear tidings of good will, charity, and justice, and such terrible evils when they spread falsehoods, calumnies, and rancorous words. Thus, we believe the benefits of Holy Year will be for all, even though the special interest of many of its rites and events will primarily appeal to Catholics.

IT is practically certain, as well, that this immense spiritual quickening of Christendom will speedily be followed by the reassembling of the Vatican Council of the Church, which broke up in 1870 with its work uncompleted. In the December number of the Atlantic Monthly Mr. Robert Sencourt, summing up a masterly study of papal diplomacy, points out that the Council will seek "an appropriate remedy for the ills which have followed the upheaval of civil society . . . It will seek to lay down the laws of justice which would guide a world court, and with authority over 400,000,000 people will lay down injunctions to prevent civilization from cutting its own throat. And in doing so it offers safety to the whole world."

CHRISTIANITY, indeed, is working today in the affairs of the world in the form of many strange ferments that disguise when they do not wholly distort their true nature. Peoples do not quickly and wholly rid themselves of the inherited traditions, and the mental and spiritual impulses and motives bred in them by 2,000 years of Christianity, despite wanderings from Christian beliefs, and the efforts of revolutionary materialists. Love of the poor—which is undoubtedly Christian—flames in many a fantastic form. Respect for human individuality, for human rights—things which are Christian to the core—dictates many an unworkable, because extreme, plan for human betterment. When Christians take up the leadership of society resolutely and reasonably, they will find recruits in unexpected quarters. "Open unto them the gates of justice."

HOW often does the insidious cliche fasten on, even to our affections, obscuring the most typical self revelations of the object of our homage! Quite recently four eminent societies, philosophical, literary, social, joined, in Philadelphia, in a graceful tribute of affection and respect to Jules Jusserand, philosopher, scholar preëminent in two languages, and greatest of ambassadors of France to the United States. The usual telegrams were read from personages unable to attend the function, and as "anti-climax" a simple little message from "the children of the Wissahickon Bird Club." There was much laughter. M. Jusserand flushed a little and rose once more, for a last word. He told, in very simple, very touching words, of the great need he had felt during the war for solitude, for healing silence. He and that very gracious and great lady, his wife (to whom he knows well he owes much of his success and all his happiness) had found a quiet spot where, if they sat very still, the birds crept forth

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and cheered them. In that spot, on the eve of their departure after twenty-two years of service in this country, they placed a drinking basin for the birds, a tribute to their help in a moment of superhuman trial—"from their friends, Elise and Jules Jusserand." "This," said the Ambassador to the learned societies, "is what the children understood, and to them, too, we are deeply grateful." Is there perhaps here a hint of the secret of greatness of the statesman and scholar?

WE print elsewhere in this issue of The Commonweal a letter from Justice John Ford and two articles dealing with the difficult problems of how best society is to protect itself against the ill effects of the prevailing epidemic of pornographic literature. Mr. van Loon, in one of these articles, confines his attention to the flood of cheap and nasty periodicals now deluging the country. Justice Ford and Mr. Woodlock agree in considering many books that aspire to be considered works of fine art as bad if not worse than the vulgar trash assailed by Mr. van Loon. Mr. Woodlock agrees, with some limitations, to the plan proposed by Justice Ford, namely, the prosecution of those responsible for the publication of works believed to be obscene before a jury, the jury to decide such cases. The Commonweal invites the opinions of its readers on the points raised in these articles and in the letter of Justice Ford.

ONE of the minor yet important phenomena of our epoch of intellectual confusion is the manner in which words change their meanings through being used in a sense differing from or even opposite to their original definitions. Before the new use becomes established, or is dropped, there is an interval during which such protean words convey conflicting, or widely different meanings to minds clinging either to the old meanings or being converted to the newer ones. We recently found a striking example of this in a newspaper editorial. The writer in speaking of some new scheme of "group insurance," by means of which employees of large firms are protected, says that "as a change from the almshouse and poor farm plans for mitigating misfortune it might be welcome, and the noxious taint of charity would be removed." To those minds acquainted with the original and (for them) true meaning of the word "charity," a phrase referring to "its noxious taint" is shocking, and would be bewildering were it not plain that "charity" as the "love of God" is no longer used save by theologians and mystics, and by simple Christians of the Ancient Faith to whom meanings imparted to words by their religion remain valid. But the Christian meaning of charity has been almost lost. A word glowing with spiritual truth and beauty like a wonderful pearl has been dimmed and distorted until now it occasions almost general distaste. Modern dictionaries when defining it give its root meaning only about sixth place. Bureaucratic philanthropy has displaced it. Unless Christianity, which created it, revives, it is doomed to degradation.

AN Anglican clergyman in a very courteous letter, evidently desirous of eliciting evidence confuting the statement which he quotes, asks us what is to be said concerning statements made by Sir Conan Doyle in his recent book of reminiscences to the effect that Catholics cannot be men of science; that Mivart was "the last Catholic scientist;" and that he found it necessary in the end to abandon his belief. We confess that we have not read the reminiscences ourselves nor do we feel inclined to do so having regard to what we know of others of the author's writings, always excepting those concerned with the doings of Sherlock Holmes and his shadow Watson. We take it that our correspondent's quotation is accurate and in reply we may say that Sir Conan should verify his facts before he talks nonsense of that kind. In his insular way he seems to forget that there are other countries than England, and does not advert to the fact that there is such a place as Louvain whose university has had, and at the moment possesses, men quite worthy to rank with the late Dr. Mivart.

FOR the rest, let us enumerate briefly a few names which prove that Sir Arthur is talking on a point on which he is profoundly ignorant. What for example about de Lapparent, certainly a much greater man of science than Mivart, who died some years later than he did? What about Father Wasmann, also a more distinguished man of science, the leading authority in his own branch of natural history and still happily alive? What about Rontgen? In his own country, even Sir Arthur, if he had taken the trouble to look up his facts, might have heard of Mr. G. S. Boulenger F. R. S. of the Zoölogical Department of the British Museum, a first-class authority in biology, and of Mr. R. E. Froude, F.R.S. for years scientific adviser to the British Admiralty—both dead within the last five years. He might even have heard of Mr. James Britten, F.L.S., whose connection with the Catholic Truth Society has perhaps masked the fact that he was for years senior assistant in the botanical department of the above-named Museum; that but for his passionate attachment to the society which he had founded and his fears that the work of the position might interfere with that which his heart loved, he might have been director of the department; that he edited for many years the Journal of Botany and was the author of some very important works in the region of systematic botany. As the adapter of Sherlock Holmes, Sir Conan Doyle ought to know what is meant by evidence and the next time that he sets to work to express his opinions on facts and not on surmises we suggest that he should put himself to the trouble of ascertaining what really is the truth before he commences to lay down the law.

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FEDERAL BUDGET FAULTS

THE President's message presenting the federal budget for 1925-6 to the Congress affords the citizens and taxpayers of the country much food for thought. The mere size of the total is impressive. The figure of $3,267,551,378 is a lesson in itself. The tabulation which places it definitely before the people, itemized as to the purposes for which the money is to be used is an initial gain of the highest type from the introduction of the budget system at Washington. In the past, the very recent past, it was difficult to ascertain what had been spent in any elapsed year and practically impossible to estimate what would be spent in any coming one. Now we are getting pretty definite figures on current outgo—the President says it will be $3,534,083,808 for the fiscal year ending on June 30 next—and at least we know exactly what the Administration thinks it will reach in the next twelve months.

Just here we come face to face with the chief defect in the system as applied in the United States. The President's message of transmission and his regular annual message which followed it the next day, shows his consciousness that the three billions and upwards which he asks for may not be the worst. He finds it necessary to resort to appeals and exhortations to economy on the part of Congress in passing the appropriations so that it may be possible to reduce taxation in the near future and thus lighten the burden on business and relax the curb on national progress and prosperity.

In countries which enjoy a fully matured budget system, as, for instance, in England or Switzerland, such pleas to the legislative body would be wholly out of place. Big or small, good or bad, the budget would be the limit of any possible levy on the wealth of the country. The legislature would have no power to increase it in any part—even in its own expenses—in the smallest degree. On the other hand, its power of reducing the demands of the executive would be plenary and salutary. It would have the opportunity, and, under the circumstances, no doubt the will to enforce as rigid an economy as the people could be relied upon to endorse.

In his book on Representative Government, published in the spring (Henry Holt and Company) Professor Henry Jones Ford discusses this factor in budget financiering at considerable length and with convincing logic. He traces to the year 1713 in the reign of Queen Anne the prohibition of the granting of any "supply" by Parliament not asked for by the crown. He discusses the operation of the rule in England, Switzerland, Norway and in the municipal governments of several parts of Europe. He finds that, wherever applied, it operates not only to secure frugal expenditure but also eliminates many forms of corruption.

It would be impossible in this place to quote his facts and arguments in detail; those who read his book will find them presented with a most attractive lucidity; it is only necessary to indicate some of the leading points. In the first place, establishing the budget on a plan under which the Executive suggests expenditures and asks for money while the legislature ratifies and grants, creates a healthy relation between the two branches. The Executive assumes true responsibility such as it never can have when expenditures are imposed on it, regardless of its own opinions or desires. Then, the legislature is placed in the position of holder of the purse strings with compelling functions of investigation, criticism and audit. Furthermore, those temptations to extravagance on mutual grounds, which are described in political slang as "log-rolling" are spared the legislators. At the same time, the plea that the freedom of the popular representatives is impaired if they are not permitted to originate expenditures is weak if not vapid. By resolution or the enactment of laws they can at any time do their duty to the people in this respect. If the Executive approves the bills or those are made law in contradiction to his views, he becomes obliged to ask for funds to provide for their execution. Otherwise he becomes clearly liable to impeachment or to censure and defeat in the next popular election.

Probably it will be a good while before this complete budget system is put into operation at Washington or in our state governments. The politicians will fight it to the last ditch as it will destroy their chief means of selfish peddling and plotting. But the subject is attracting much attention among political thinkers and all the wise ones favor it. The Institute of Government Research at Washington has published a series of treatises on it. The fight may be long, but there can be small doubt that in the long run it will win as all good causes do.

SENATOR HIRAM BINGHAM

THE race of scholars in politics was by no means extinguished by the death of Senator Lodge. In the Senate as at present constituted there is at least one man whose background of history, of economics and of the more classic types of literature is as vivid and stretches in broad perspective. That man is the new Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, William E. Borah. His is the rather erratic though convincing scholarship of the broadly human man of the West. In Senator-elect Bingham of Connecticut we have another and decidedly interesting type of mind, a scholar in the sense of acquired knowledge extending over a broad horizon, but likewise something of a crusader in his application of that scholarship to rather set views and theories.

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For many years prior to our entry into the war, he had devoted himself to the study of Latin America, both as archeologist and historian and interpreter. Many of his discoveries in Peru pertaining to the earliest known civilizations have become notable. But he did not confine his interest to the mysterious past. He linked his daily impressions with the broader questions of policy affecting the two new world continents. He became in time a bitter opponent of the continuance of the Monroe Doctrine, calling it in a rather sensational book, "an obsolete shibboleth." It can be reasonably expected that his views on this subject will do much to revive in the Senate a serious discussion of what the Doctrine has become, what it implies under the altered conditions of today, and what its fate should be. This will be a healthy stimulus to a question that has been allowed to lie for too long among the museum classics of the Congressional Record.

But there is still another side to Mr. Bingham that will broaden his influence at Washington and let it penetrate beyond the range of theory. He is a man of action as well as a student. At the outbreak of the war, although beyond the usual age for such a task, he became an air pilot, and closed his war career by commanding the aviation schools in France with headquarters at Issoundun. As a military man he failed to show any extraordinary talents, but he was at least persistent and determined, and if the quality of airmen trained under him is any gauge of what these qualities are worth, they have a wholesome and far-reaching value.

DR. CRAPSEY ON MODERNISM

A VERY remarkable utterance by Dr. Algernon S. Crapsey may be considered as a confirmation of the belief that there is a deep, widespread readiness of mind in the modern world to follow the teachings of Christianity when these teachings are expressed and exemplified with the zeal and clarity that belong to periods of vital faith. Dr. Crapsey was "deposed for heresy," from the Protestant Episcopal Church, so we read in Who's Who. In a recent number of Books, the literary supplement of the New York Herald-Tribune, he reviews a book by Henry Emerson Fosdick, and one by Dean Shailer Mathews. Each of the books deals with the great battle in the Protestant churches between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists. Both books support the Modernists. Dr. Crapsey finds that every doctrine of orthodox Christianity has been rejected by these two champions of Modernism.

And the "last of the heretics," Dr. Crapsey, then comments as follows—

"Dr. Fosdick and Dean Mathews have been compelled to discard the traditional theology of the Christian religion by the driving force of modern science. But the cause of the triumph of primitive and mediaeval Christianity is as yet a secret hidden from the modern theologian and the modern scientist, and that hidden thing is the pacifistic communistic life of the Christian Church as it was lived in the catacombs of Rome in the days of Saint Sixtus and Saint Lawrence and in the monasteries and convents of England in the days of Saint Swithin and Saint Hilda.

"When that secret is rediscovered and applied to human life such a reorganization of human society will come to pass as followed the preaching of Saint Peter and Saint Paul in Rome and the renunciation of the world by Saint Benedict.

"The denatured Christianity of Dr. Fosdick and Dean Mathews can no more save human society from dissolution in the twentieth century than the abstract morality of Seneca and the pious meditations of Marcus Aurelius could arrest the dissolution of Roman society in the second century."

We, in common with all Catholic Christians, cannot believe with Dr. Crapsey that the driving force of Christianity, which conquered Paganism, transformed the ancient world, and created western civilization was merely the alleged, "pacifistic, communistic" organization of the slaves of the Roman Empire. Such a cause seems altogether too inadequate to account for the tremendous results that followed the birth of the Church. We believe that this driving force was the spirit of Christ, put into operation in human affairs in the way He directed, and still energetically at work. But we do agree with Dr. Crapsey that the "denatured Christianity" of the Modernists cannot help our distracted society. The only reconstructive power today is the same that began its work in the early Church and which now is again resurgent.

THE JOURNEY OF MANKIND

A RECENT contributor to The Commonweal discovered and has made us heirs to a jewel of first water, a quotation from Hermann Bahr, which crystallizes in one brief happy sentence years of groping for a phrase to express that which stares us in the face out of all the mythologies of the world—"Whoever," Bahr tells us (not at all "mystifyingly" but with a flood of illumination) "looks deeply enough into the eyes of the antique world, will suddenly find our Lord, Jesus, looking at him through it." We have been for long impatient of the labored "nature myth"—the straining effort to explain in material terms the obvious fact of clinging memory, of tenacious holding to some obscure, more than half-forgotten thing that made life tolerable in hope, to some tattered remnant of revelation carried along through exile and degradation, through fire and ice and thawing flood again, by mankind, on the "Long Journey" to Christianity and eventual civilization. Making ample allowance for the filtering of some of the mythologies through

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Christian or semi-Christian collators whereby some degree of Christian coloring might overspread the original, hardly avoidably, there's nevertheless in all a something which cannot be twisted to a nature myth unless through nature too, one sees His Eyes.

This is true of the Mediterranean mythologies, of those of Northern Europe, of the legends of America, of the solemn mysteries of India, the cultured philosophies of China and Japan, of the simple monotheism of Korea (overspread though it is by the sordid Shamanism of Mongolia and Thibet). Through all these and even through the fetichism of savage tribes there looks out something always that is not material nature, something that is prophetic, something elusive that links the lowest or the widest strayed of human tribes to a purpose and a hope.

We know of no popular contemporary writer busied with the sequence of human development (Fairfield Osborn, Wells, van Loon, Coffman, etc.) who does not unconsciously—we are sure quite involuntarily and in contradiction to his own scheme of things—reveal the truth of Bahr's phrase; who does not fail utterly to conceal the Eyes, no matter what veil he tries to draw before them. This shabby rag of revelation haunts us in all the "new discoveries" of world-old things, by Mrs. Eddy, by Sir Oliver Lodge, by Conan Doyle—(and in those by Sir Conan with good reason, for he knows, from his old Stonyhurst days).

Have we a man who on the chain of Bahr's phrase can link the beads of a real Long Journey of Mankind? Papini has seen those Eyes through the grime and filthy reek of materialistic modern life. He has much of the equipment necessary for the Journey; has he also the sense of the prehistories of the human race?

CANADIAN MEMORIALS

WE have been much interested in a little pamphlet issued last year by the Canadian Department of the Interior in which is recorded the erection of metal plates with inscriptions by the Historic Sites Committee of the National Parks Department, which tablets record on the proper spots the existences of two of the early Jesuit missions in Simcoe County, Ontario. It is fitting that the early labors of these devoted missionaries should be thus commemorated and this is admirably carried out by extracts in the pamphlet from the Travels and Explorations in New France, as it was then called during the years 1610-1679. For that is what the pamphlet consists of and, though we cannot find space for quotations, we may say that the extracts have been most admirably chosen and within a few pages bring before us scenes from the lives of the missionaries and their converts which almost bring tears to the eyes. The government of the Dominion may well be congratulated on this piece of historical work carried out under their directions.

In connection with this matter of memorials in Canada it may not be amiss, since many persons from these states travel through Nova Scotia every year, to call attention to another object of interest. Most of our fellow-citizens land at Weymouth, travel up the west coast road traversing the lovely Annapolis Valley, and on their way to Halifax, pass through Annapolis Royal. There they should call a halt, for, with the single exception of Quebec, they are in the most interesting place from an historical point of view in the whole of Canada, this being the first place in the northern part of the continent where white men made a permanent settlement. The fort then built has gone leaving no trace behind, but its site is marked by a tablet set up at the instance of the indefatigable Mr. L. M. Fortier, the Honorary Curator of the Museum (a most interesting place well worthy of a visit) whose knowledge of the history of the district is encyclopaedic. The old fort of the Vauban pattern is still in existence at Annapolis and the museum is in what was once the officers' quarters. In this connection a recent incident very pleasing to those who long for increased international amity cannot be passed over. When Port Royal, as it was then called—and what a pity that the name was ever changed to that of the dull Anne!—was handed over to the British troops in 1710, those British troops happened to be a Massachusetts regiment commanded by a Major Abbott.

He took possession of the fort in the name of the British Sovereign and received the key of its main gate from the French governor. That key went to Boston with the Massachusetts regiment and there it remained, in the custody of the Boston Historical Society, until two years ago when by a most happy act of courtesy, very greatly appreciated by those to whom it was shown, that key was presented to the museum we have been speaking of and handed over to Mr. Fortier by a deputation from Boston consisting of Messrs. Julius H. Tuttle, Granville H. Norcross and T. Julien Silsby.

Let the visitor also find time to turn in at the Catholic church and examine a metal tablet fixed within and near the door of entry. It also was erected by the exertions of Mr. Fortier, himself a member of the congregation of that church. It commemorates the baptism, in the chapel of the fort, of the first American Indian to become a Christian—Membertou, the chief of the neighboring tribe of Micmacs. This was in 1606 and Membertou was a very old man for he is said to have been nearly one hundred years of age when in 1607 he led his men against the enemy. He died in 1611 and was buried with all the ceremonies of the Church. When we last visited that spot the chief of the neighboring reservation of Micmacs was well over ninety, though still hale and hearty, and, like all the four thousand or so of his tribe—with the exception of fourteen of whose religious affiliations we know nothing—a member of the Catholic Church.

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OBLIGATIONS TO AMERICA

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

I. Catholic America

CATHOLIC Americans, as a general rule, are too modest and too much on the defensive when they talk about their relations with their country. It is constantly dinned into their ears, until they come perilously near to believing it, that Catholicism is only one, and distinctly a lesser one, of the many factors which have made the United States of today. They take refuge in a monotonous repetition of a few isolated facts in American history: that Columbus was a Catholic, as were all the early discoverers and explorers; that Catholic St. Augustine was founded prior to Protestant Jamestown, and that Catholic Quebec antedated Protestant Plymouth; that Spanish friars and French Jesuits did noble missionary work among the Indians; that Catholic Maryland was the cradle of religious toleration; that a cousin of the first American bishop was a signer of the Declaration of Independence; that Irish Catholics fought valiantly in the Revolutionary war; that American Catholics generally have had their share, perhaps more than their share, in the successful outcome of all our national wars; that two Catholic laymen at different times have held the high office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; that at the present time almost a fifth of the population of this country are members of the Catholic Church.

All this is true, but it misses the main point. For example, no sooner is the fame of Christopher Columbus invoked than clamor is raised among Nordic critics to the effect that America wasn't discovered by Columbus at all, but by a certain Leif Ericsson. So a new and relatively unimportant issue is evoked; Catholics again take the defensive and attempt to prove that they are good Americans by proving that Leif himself was a Catholic. The latter, I think, can be done, but by the time the proof has lodged in American consciousness and the Improved Order of Leif is widespread, some ingenious non-Catholic of those distant days, presumably not a Nordic, will come forward with the claim that America wasn't discovered by Leif Ericsson at all but by some earlier Chinaman. And then, I foresee, the loyalty of American Catholics will hang a while longer in the balance.

But the loyalty of American Catholics to this country need not hang in the balance one instant, if they will but take higher and firmer ground. Let them advance boldly and grasp the significant truth that America is a daughter of the Catholic Church. Not only was this continent discovered and opened to the whole world by Catholics, but our country could not possibly be what it is now had it not been for Catholic Christianity. Let me repeat, America is a daughter of the Catholic Church, more literally so than even Europe.

I know that Mr. Hilaire Belloc has lately contended in books and articles that Catholic Christianity is essentially European, but despite his brilliancy of intellect and his subtlety of logic I must here disagree with him and express my belief that he in common with many less thoughtful Americans takes too narrow and too provincial a view of Catholicism. The Catholic Church originated within a highly civilized empire that embraced parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe; what it did in spreading in a large part of Europe was to transform and transfigure an earlier and great civilization; what it did much later in spreading to the American continents was to substitute its own transcendent type of civilization in place of universally existing barbarism. America, so far as any high degree of civilization is concerned, has always been Christian; Europe, in that respect, has not always been Christian. In other words, the Church has given even more to America than it has bestowed upon Europe. If it is European, then by a more potent token it is American too.

In maintaining that America is a daughter of the Catholic Church, it must be recalled that the concept of Catholicism is broad and sweeping. It includes not merely the body of faithful now living in communion with the Holy See. It includes not merely the aggregate of baptized persons in all ages and all climes. It includes also, and perhaps chiefly, all effects which it has had upon private and social life. As such it is an idea, a type of culture, a habit, which is transmitted not alone to its formal adherents but to all human beings within its orbit of influence. Catholic Christianity is the distinguishing mark of one of the three or four great cultural areas of the earth's surface: it has determined a set of customs and manners, of moral principles and social observances, of intellectual concepts and artistic forms, which distinguish its own cultural area—Europe, the two Americas, the Philippines, and smaller regions in other continents—and which mark off this cultural area unmistakably from the Far Eastern cultural area of Buddhism, from the East Indian cultural area of Hinduism, and from the Middle Eastern and Central African cultural area of Mohammedanism.

There are differences of form and substance within the cultural area of Catholicism—within what can conveniently be called Christendom—but they are minor differences in comparison with those which obtain between Christendom as a whole and Islam, or between Christendom and the lands that are Buddhist. The seven-day week beginning with Sunday, the Lord's

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Day; the vast literature springing from and referring to the Bible of Old and New Testaments; certain forms of architecture and painting; certain habits of thought and expression originating in the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation, in the idea of God made Man: these, with much else, are as commonplace and universal throughout Christendom as they are extraordinary or totally lacking among peoples influenced by Buddhism, Hinduism, or Mohammedanism. Such differences as do exist within Christendom are traceable to the varying degrees to which the Christian peoples have preserved their loyalty to Catholic traditions and their allegiance to Catholic unity. There is a difference in cultural content and minor observances between eastern Europe and southern Europe, between the habitat of the so-called Orthodox Greek Church and the lands that still constitute the core of the Latin, Catholic Church; the former, while retaining most of the Catholic traditions, has rejected the symbol and the fact of Catholic unity. There are differences also between southern Europe and northern Europe, between Catholic countries and Protestant regions; the latter, in repudiating the unity of the Catholic Church, have departed more or less from Catholic traditions.

Yet of Protestantism it must be said that, despite the disintegration and deterioration to which it has progressively fallen prey since its separation from the Papacy in the sixteenth century, it has not altogether rooted out its own Catholic heritage. There is not a country in Europe which was not Catholic for a longer time than it has been Protestant; every national literature and every national art of any significance began under Catholic, not Protestant, auspices; certain social customs, the most conservative factors in human relationship, were so firmly fixed in the many centuries of Catholic unity that three hundred years of ecclesiastical disunity have been insufficient to revolutionize them. Protestantism did not exist when Christopher Columbus set foot on American soil; and although the bulk of the European emigrants who established English colonies in America in the seventeenth century, were Protestants, they had been so briefly separated from Catholic ancestors and Catholic traditions that the best of what they brought with them, no matter how unwittingly, was Catholic. In this light it is idle to discuss whether the Catholic Lord Baltimore or the Protestant Roger Williams was the first to champion the principle of religious toleration. Similarly, it is as mistaken to minimize the contributions made by New England Protestants to the cause of American democracy as it is erroneous to fail to recognize the historical truth that democracy could never have occurred to New Englanders of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had it not been for an older tradition of democratic guilds, democratic communes, institutions of representative government, trials by juries of one's peers, and Magna Chartas—an older tradition, the whole of which was inextricably interwoven with the life and spirit of mediaeval, Catholic Europe.

Turn wheresoever you will in these United States and study any institution or any ideal which has commonly been regarded as an aspect of true Americanism, and you will discover that no matter who is immediately responsible for its erection or formulation, its embryo and antitype are to be found in Catholic theory or practice. This is what I mean by insisting that America is a daughter of the Catholic Church.

MAKE RESPONSIBILITY REAL

By THOMAS F. WOODLOCK

IT seems strange that common sense is the one thing excluded from the discussion on "censorship" of books, plays, and the like, especially when it is not really a question of "censorship" at all! Between the advocates of extreme measures to prevent circulation of obscene matter, and the noisy crew of "artists," psychiatrists, professors, columnists and publishers specializing in the pornographic or near-pornographic, there is nothing for the plain man to do but curse with entire impartiality both sides in the controversy, in that they do but darken counsel. Can we not nail down one or two clear facts and principles and see whether they do not point out a path which is practicable?

Either there is or there is not such a thing as obscenity; the law, at any rate, says there is, and common sense supports the law.

Obscenity is a matter either of good taste or of morals; the law says it is a question of morals, and common sense supports the law. Evidently, if the morals are concerned, questions of "taste" and of "art" are irrelevant. Good taste or good art cannot make good morals out of obscenity.

But obscenity, we are told, is a matter which is relative; a thing may be obscene for one generation and not for another, for one person and not for another. Let the contention be granted, for the sake of argument; clearly it is possible that at any given time a given product of art or literature may be obscene for all people, or for most people; it is evident that there is no one for whom obscenity in some form cannot exist; whether a thing is obscene or not at any given time for all people or for some people is a question of fact at that time and in that place. What people is the law designed to protect?

The law is designed to protect the public as a whole,

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the average man or woman, the ordinary citizen. It is the *publication* of obscenity that the law penalizes. Therefore, as the law stands, the question is whether a book or a play or a picture is or is not obscene to the general public—a question of fact at a time and in a place. Who are the natural judges of fact in such a question? Is a university professor, an alienist, a "pink" editor, a publisher, a novelist, a columnist, a proper judge or a competent witness? Is a magistrate a competent judge? Obviously not. If obscenity be a relative thing, the proper final judge of fact in the case of a book or a play or a picture impugned under the law is a jury drawn from that public which the law is designed to protect. If common sense tells us anything at all on the subject, it tells us that the proper course for the law to take in such a case is a jury trial. If it is a case of a book, swear in a jury, hand the jurors twelve copies and let the verdict settle the matter. There is no need of filling the courtroom with "expert" testimony, for if there be any truth in the theory of the law, the only witnesses whose testimony is valid are the jurors themselves.

It is not a case for "censorship" for there is no "censorship" involved. "Art" is free and untrammeled, the liberty of the press is preserved, speech is free, but responsibility is enforced, and no one can find fault with that. Any publisher whose "artistic urge" and desire for profits drives him to "take a chance" is free to do so provided that he is willing to take the consequences, too. And thus we avoid the flood of cant that fills the air from time to time, when some noisome piece of literary, dramatic or artistic filth is attacked in the courts in a manner whose futility is enough to make strong men weep with rage at the infantile strategy employed, while the panders pile up their dollars.

Responsibility, not "censorship," is what is needed, and it is all that is needed, but let us make responsibility real. If the law needs amendment let us amend it by making obscenity a matter of jury trial. It may be objected that an ordinary jury of plain citizens would not be competent to deal with works of literature, however well they might serve in judging the lower, unmistakable cases of obscene publications. But special juries, surely, could be empanelled. There is also the right exercised by attorneys in the defense of challenging jurors which could serve to make juries in these cases well selected and responsible. In any case, we trust a man's life to a jury: what has "art" to fear from it?

UPLIFT JOURNALS PLEASE COPY!

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

ABOUT a year ago I went to the editor of a famous newspaper. It stands forth amidst the dreary marshes of contemporary journalism as the Rock of Tradition, the one and only relic of a better and more enlightened day when newspapermen were newspapermen and dared to speak their mind without bothering about the private tastes and public prejudices of their owners, their wives, or poodle-dogs.

And I spake—"Behold, here is your chance to do a great thing in the land of Manhattan. Whenever there is a just cause that asks a champion, you sharpen the edge of your adamant Vernunft upon the granite stone of reason and bestow upon an agonized world the most convincing, the most penetrating, yea, the dullest editorials that ever were devoted to a good cause. Buckle on your most shining armor and follow me to the nearest news-stand. There you will find, available for common use (and at a small cost) the foulest collection of smut, dirt and plain pornography ever offered to an unsuspecting public in the name of Literature. Smite these corrupters of our children's morals with the glorious wrath of your outraged decency, and be forever praised."

But just then a great contest was raging between two mighty political parties and the tri-cornered fight which followed took up all available space—and I had clamored in vain, for absolutely nothing was done.

Then I crossed the street and wearily betook myself to a magazine devoted exclusively to the interests of the under-dog. Never mind the color of the animal. Provided that he be a bona fide, one hundred percent pure, A-1, three star under-dog, he is sure of a hearing within the editorial sanctum. And once more I spake and said—"Ah, ye faithful Galahads, ye who love yellow and brown and green and pink and purple men all the way from Uvkusigsat Fjord to Tierra del Fuego, here is your chance. This time our own children, our own little darlings, are in danger. They cry out, even as my Lord Ghandi, and although they wear pantaloons and eat steaks (the largest steaks available), their need is great. Send one of your clever sleuths to the nearest newspaper stand. He will there discover a collection of sluttish, abominable and saprogenous literature in such quantities that it can pollute an entire continent. Denounce the greedy scoundrels who print it, and gain our everlasting gratitude."

But a real estate agent in an obscure suburb of a remote western town had refused to sell a house to a Negro. Hence Democracy was on the verge of collapse. Societies for the propagation of everything and societies for the suppression of everything else were beginning to stir. Amidst the din of battle, my little suggestion was ignominiously dropped into the waste-paper basket.

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But, to misquote the excellent Doctor Martinus—"I shall have my say if the world were as full of indifferent editors as New York is full of taxis." And for lack of a convenient church door, I shall hammer my theses to the hospitable wall of The Commonweal and I shall proclaim here and now, and as loudly as I can, that our country is being overrun with and by a putrid stream of the most despicable, the most iniquitous, and on the whole the most dangerous form of a degraded variety of literature; that this stuff is being publicly sold and publicly sent through the mails; and that so far no authority, public or otherwise, seems to be willing or able to stop the dissemination of this literary garbage. So that is that.

If the Postmaster General thinks that I exaggerate, I cordially invite His Honor to meet me in New York and I shall then take him on a little tour of inspection and within one hour I promise to show him more printed filth than we would be able to find by a week of dilligent searching along the wicked avenues of those wicked European cities which our professional moralists are forever holding up as the legitimate heirs to Sodom and Gomorrah.

Furthermore, this degraded stuff is not a monopoly of the metropolis. It is sold just as openly in Yellow Springs, Ohio, as in Homer, N. Y., or any other hamlet of our fair land. It is ubiquitous. It is printed by the ton and sold by the bale. It has millions of dollars behind it. And it is of recent origin. The men who publish it make the early productions of the Hearst press look like mild little Sunday school tracts. And worst of all, they commit their crime in the name of Health, of Morals, of the Purity of the Home, and they cover their tracks so cleverly that the ordinary moron who is a post-office inspector or a professional censor shouts—"Why, this is fine stuff. It reads like The Sheik, the book that had such beautiful passages about Arabian sunsets," and takes it home to his little girl who is studying shorthand and is making ready for a career on the grand opera stage.

Of course, it is an utter absurdity that I should be obliged to write this. I have all my life fought against censorship. I have frequently helped to hold the gate of the Republic of Letters when worthy reformers tried to push their unwelcome selves into that delectable realm of literature. Hence I can hardly qualify for the rôle of Public Prosecutor.

At the same time, I have two boys of my own. I want them to read most of the books which the Uplift Brotherhood has placed on their little index. But I shall speak words not fit for publication in a respectable magazine if I ever find them in the possession of one of those utterly corrupt sheets which Messieurs Sumner, Ford et al. in their holy zeal and their unholy ignorance have overlooked or which (as is becoming increasingly clear) they purposely overlook because they are afraid to attack a fortress which is defended by all the shyster lawyers of half a dozen metropolai.

If 'twere merely a little fly-by-night publisher, then indeed there would be a chance to gain an easy victory and derive much publicity and great credit as a public benefactor, at practically no risk. Besides, the poor publisher might try to give the world something new in literature. That fact in itself would assure the lynching party the sympathy of our half-literate millions. Their Republic "n'a pas besoin d'hommes de lettres!" But if they fail to appreciate nudity, they can understand nakedness. Hence while they would cheerfully impale the wretch who would dare to print a reproduction of some sublime bit of ancient statuary, they would just as eagerly rally to the defense of that well-beloved editor who presents them twice a week with a photograph of Lizzie the Cloak Model in diverse stages of semi-undressedness. When furthermore, said editor adds the intimate story of Lizzie's life with all its most objectionable and d'Annunzioesque details, he is their friend for life. Do they feel that their own daughters are degraded by the perusal of such nefarious drivel? By no means! For in the last paragraph, the editor (who knows his job) informs them that Lizzie has now turned over a new leaf and that she is conducting a class of darling little Sunday scholars and leads an exemplary life. Being intrinsically besotted by a perverse ideal of morality, the assembled boobs then give three cheers for the Sunday school ma'am and promptly forget the street-walker.

Here I pause to offer my apologies to the street-walker. Compared to the heroines in the aforementioned stories, the average prostitute is an honest and honorable woman. For she is bad in the accepted sense of the word. She knows that she is bad. She makes no bones about being bad. Whereas the leading ladies in aforementioned fables are nasty little creatures who are utterly corrupt, but who successfully demonstrate the truth of that lowest of all modern maxims which bids us not to worry as long as "we can get away with it."

I repeat that if the reader thinks that I am making a mountain out of a molehill, the true test lies around the nearest corner. Let him or her put on his or her galoshes and inspect a news-stand, or the magazine section of a department store. He will there find a collection of "revelations," "dreams," "romances" and "confessions" which in their true nature are nothing but thinly veiled pornography. If he or she has a spare quarter, I shall ask him or her to do me a favor. Let him buy a copy. Let him take it home and read it. Then after half an hour's gargling with strong disinfectants, I want him or her to light a cigarette and ponder upon the strange duality of our official world, which makes a cannibal feast of a book when it contains the word "belly," and which permits the publication and the dissemination of whole wagon loads of stories which Louis XV would have ordered burned by the public hangman and which would have made Casanova blush with shame.

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THE CASE OF JUSTICE FORD

New York City, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In the first number of The Commonweal received I was pained to see your somewhat flippant comments on the Boyd-Sumner debate. It was the pain of disappointment because I expected to find your publication at least in pronounced opposition to the immorality which is the outstanding feature of current fiction.

You will answer that you are opposed to it perhaps. So will every one decent who knows anything about how bad conditions have become.

But what are you or they doing to abate the evil? Mr. Sumner is one of those who not only opposes harmful publications but he is also among those who have started a crusade against them in the only practicable way we have been able to devise.

In that movement I took the initiative by calling a conference at the Hotel Astor, in the winter of 1922. Cardinal Hayes (then Archbishop) deputed Monsignor Lavelle to attend as his personal representative. Bishop Manning sent a representative, also. The Federation of Churches (Protestant) was represented, as were the Salvation Army and a goodly number of religious, patriotic and civic organizations. A representative of the District Attorney's office was invited to inform us on the practical difficulties blocking enforcement of the old anti-obscenity statute. Mr. Meyers was selected by Mr. Banton and sent to represent his office.

After a general discussion of conditions in the publishing field, all agreeing that they were intolerable, a committee was authorized to recommend appropriate legislation. Mr. Martin Conboy, Mr. John S. Sumner, Mr. Meyers and myself were the committee selected. We met repeatedly and after most careful consideration of the problem, drafted the bill which has been before two sessions of the legislature.

Its purpose is to stop up the holes punched in the law by the courts. It was on the recommendation of Mr. Meyers that the provision permitting a prosecution to be based on a part of a publication was inserted. We found that the federal courts did just that in enforcing the United States statute, making it a crime to deposit obscene prints or objects in the mail. Our statute in respect of the descriptive terms employed to designate the things forbidden is the same as the federal statute in substance. Furthermore, the law of Massachusetts, which is effectively enforced, prohibits publications "containing" obscene language.

You see we were eminently practical. No substantive changes in the existing law are proposed. Our amendments would restore the obvious meaning of the statute and change the procedure to conform to that of the federal courts, which really give the only common sense meaning to the law of which it is susceptible.

Our critics are not honest. They are financially interested. Unfortunately they control practically all the instrumentalities of printed intelligence. Even the little country newspapers are induced by the press associations, which control their advertising, to join in the absurd cry of censorship against our measure.

That objection you mention, about prosecutions based on a word, or a few words of a publication of merit, is one that has been raised by the defendant in any number of prosecutions. The courts have summarily disposed of it as often, as of no force. The courts are ruled by common sense and charged with the duty to see that no injustice is done and that every law is construed reasonably and so as to promote justice. No court may become the instrument of injustice or oppression. The federal courts right here in New York entertain prosecutions based on part of a book. They have been doing so for years and years. Yet never has a book of merit been attacked. So of the law of Massachusetts, the native state of American literature, one might say. The Massachusetts statute makes any obscene language contained in a book the basis of a prosecution. In perhaps a dozen other states, similar language is found in their obscenity statutes. Yet worthy works never have been molested in any of them. The danger from such a provision is purely imaginary.

Get it clearly in mind that we are dealing with crime—a crime older than the common law. Before any prosecution can be instituted, someone must accuse his neighbor of a crime. One who does that, assumes a dangerous responsibility. An acquittal means that the defendant has a right of action against his accuser for malicious prosecution. Dozens of such cases have been tried before me. Indeed, the Society for the Suppression of Vice was so sued a few years ago and suffered a judgment for $2,500 against it, which was affirmed by the Court of Appeals. Of course, accrued costs and interest made the sum much larger, not to mention the legal fees and other expenses of the judgment debtor.

We must make the meshes of the legal net small enough to catch our fish or we might as well stop fishing. The laws against speeding in order to prevent reckless driving had to be so formed that multitudes habitually violated them with impunity. Indeed, traffic officers at times urge drivers to illegal speed. The ordinances against obstructing sidewalks are another illustration of the dozens of laws technically violated every minute but never enforced against the violators. Yet these laws are universally recognized as necessary to promote public safety and good order. As the Court of Appeals remarked of the obscenity statute,

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there is little fear of a miscarriage of justice before a discreet judge.

Again let me return to the question—if our mode of procedure to abate the evil of obscene prints is unwise, what do you propose? What does anyone propose outside of our movement? When will someone propose something else to correct conditions?

We are wedded to no particular plan. We came to our conclusions only after a most critical study of conditions and drafted our bill with exceeding care. Let somebody else propose something better. We do not care what the proposed remedy might be, we would favor it so long as its honest intent and promised result were the suppression of obscene publications. But bear in mind that the accumulated wisdom of the ages has never been able to devise any effective means of curbing printed obscenity, except by prosecuting and punishing it as a crime against society.

All the big newspapers and all their subordinate news agencies are closed to us. My prediction is that the New York Evening Post will not again give space to our side of the question. All the newspapers printed our stuff at the beginning. They closed their columns tight up, except to misrepresent and abuse as soon as it was made known to them that the big publishing houses were a unit against our proposed, or any, amendments to the present law. It suits them perfectly because it has come to as good as no law at all through judicial interpretation—interpretation which is at variance with the construction placed upon their similar laws in every state in the union, in England and throughout the Anglo-Saxon world. That our law is dead is proved by the facts before our eyes in the free circulation of printed immorality—in flood volume everywhere.

Again, if you do not like our bill, what do you propose? How shall we effectively deal with this menacing evil of printed and pictured indecency?

JOHN FORD.

THE SKY

By MARY KOLARS

WASN'T it Ruskin who prepared a detailed study of the various types of cloud, and their appearances at different altitudes? I have not read the book, but if, when I do read it, I find that he was able to make anything of the subject, I shall be very surprised. The two other most beautiful things in the world, water and trees, offer a predictable variety of mood, and suggest, even in their moments of wildest life, governing laws that are stable and seizable. But the heavens (I mean, of course, the daytime heavens, a phenomenon within the scope of our active lives; at night the curtain is merely pulled away, and infinity is let in on us) these daytime heavens hardly seem to be a part of nature. They are a separate dispensation. Not upon them has been put the constraint of form and appointed return. They are free, with a freedom reestablished from moment to moment, perpetually. They are the last refuge of the fettered soul. Into that bright anarchy it can escape and be renewed.

It needs this escape. We are made so. Ancient mankind sought refuge from the meaning of life, and Christian mankind made the impulse honorable. The Saturnalia was baptized into the Feast of Fools. Now our tides no longer run so high; our vitality no longer demands to be eased so violently; but even now, besides the exquisite irrationalities of sport and the productions of the professional humorist, the world's salaried court jester, there remains an abundance of plain, Christian nonsense to prove that the impulse is not dead. Man still refuses, at times, the glory and burden of law. He still must escape.

And the choicest of all escapes is to watch the sky. We thereby escape even from the need of formulating our own caprice, and follow instead the caprice of God. For it is not without meaning that the heavens alone have resisted the designations of man. Everything else he has tamed with his understanding and fettered with his concepts. He has watched and classified the sea and the land beyond the power to surprise him further. But the sky he cannot conquer. No eye has the perspective on that immeasurable movement, no patience can outwear that immortal change. The heavens are incomprehensible, and it is precisely in this that the soul finds its pleasure and its secret rest. It is delivered, for once, from the effort of understanding, and it still remains in the region of delight—the immediate delight of a prodigally and yet delicately gratified sense. The mind cannot come in to appropriate this joy, to order it, sophisticate it and spoil it. Whatever avenue opens into the soul through the vision is opened here directly, by sweep, movement and color alone. That part of us which laboriously joins thing to thing to make a thought, is left behind; and to mislay it is always a refreshing and recreating experience.

"The heavens"—so ran some words which I once came upon in a book, and which made an ineffaceable impression on me—"The heavens declare the glory of God." For a gloss on that text, lie on the grass on a hot, breathlessly blue day in high summer. See the white continents moving without cessation above you. Watch those beautiful, unnameable shapes which, at every moment, pass out of being forever. Ponder the opulence of that eternal rejection, the unsearchable gaiety of that endless renewal of change. What divine needlessness, what divine wilfulness, what reckless folly of beauty! Here, surely here, is the glory of God. Here is His playground, His holiday. Here is the warrant and archtype of our need for largeness, for carelessness, for play. All else He has struck into orderly being, and tethered to law: the tree stands where the acorn fell, the water must run down to the sea. The earth is sober and dutiful. But there is laughter in the heavens.

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POEMS

Wild Geese (1740)

There's a cloud across the moon,
  And a boat that rocks below,
And it's "Come!" the breakers croon
  "While the tide is at the flow."
    Oh! the keening and the crying,
    When the Wild Geese would be flying,
    From a land that, sore and sighing,
      Lets them go.

There's a regiment in France
  That they call the "Irlandaise,"
But it's oh! the weary dance
  That their fife and bugle plays.
    And it's oh! the heavy measure,
    And the piping without pleasure,
    If the heart that was your treasure
      Bleeds and pays.

There's a shadow on my heart
  Like the shadow on the sea:
But the sooner, love, we part,
  Sure the sooner home you'll be.
    Oh! the dancing and the singing,
    When the Wild Geese west come winging,
    Bringing back their king, and bringing
      Mine to me.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

Tides

Some tell us bitterly that true love dies—
And speak too quickly, waiting not the rise
Of strong returning tides that greet our eyes.

For love, though deep and fickle, like the sea
Obeys the uncomprehended moon. And we
Observe its ebb and flow bewilderedly.

Its tidal waters are without a chart;
Their altering rhythm is beyond our art;
Each tide's a vast astonishment of heart.

Yet love shall yet unfluctuating be:
No moons will kindle in eternity
To draw the tides of the abolished sea.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

After

Those were the hills I climbed; and those were the deep waters
  That I came through,
And these were thorn-branched woods that tore my fingers
  What time a sharp wind blew;
Those were the hills that seemed an end of climbing—
  How far below they lie,
And oh, how clear the sunlight and blue dreaming
  On this untroubled sky!

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

The Inebriate

How beautiful he was! How terrible!
His face seemed to come straight out of Heaven;
But his heart was Hell!
The head on his haughty shoulders seemed to wear
  The morning for a crown; his step had grace
As of some wild thing on the mountain-side; his stare
  Was a command like lightning in his face.
We saw him take a thousand hearts to crush
  Within his grasping maniac hand;
Equal to him was gold of faithfulness, or blush
  Of maidenhood, or harlot shame, or thought of fatherland!—
Was he young or old?—He was faun in his body's lines;
  The angel in his smile, from out the drunkard's bowl he drained,
Took the Destroyer's tempest-warning signs—
  Till horrible threat remained.
Was there a softness in that heart? A love
  For anything?—Ah, yes—one brothel breast—
One carnal, hopeless lust, above
  All others—left his soul no rest;
But when the flame swept round his clouded head
The finer visions melted into doubt,
Until that heaven-aborted weakness too was dead!—
  Let the mad world tonight, look out, look out!
How beautiful he was!—How terrible!—
His face seemed to come straight out of Heaven,
But his heart was Hell!

THOMAS WALSH.

Here on the Cliff's Green Edge

Here on the cliff's green edge I lie
  And set my spirit free
Between the azure of the sky,
  The sapphire of the sea.

Oh endless blue! Oh day most fair!
  Now restless waters sleep.
My soul dissolves upon the air
  And floats upon the deep.

With yonder shining cloud I pass,
  With yonder gull I fly.
I am the flower in the grass,
  I am the sea and sky.

MARION CUMMINGS.

Immortality

Said I to Death—"Thou cruel one,
  Why dost thou steal my life from me?"
Said Death to me—"Thou foolish one,
  I do but give Life unto thee!"

FREDERICK CORCORAN.

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THE CAREER OF WALTER HAMPDEN

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE triumphant success of Walter Hampden's superb production of Cyrano de Bergerac and the golden encomiums that have been heaped upon him for his spiritual performance of the gallant Gascon in this heroic comedy have come as the logical culmination of a career of long and careful preparation, of patient persistence, and of dauntless courage. In recent seasons, he has given us the finest Hamlet since Edwin Booth's, the greatest Othello since Salvini's, and the sturdiest Macbeth within the memory of living theatre-goers; he has shown us a Shylock utterly different from Henry Irving's, yet almost equally impressive, a Sir Giles Overreach that ranks with that of E. L. Davenport, a gallant and charming Romeo and a Petruchio that is brisk and brilliant. No other actor of the present time has attempted so many of the greatest rôles in the history of the drama nor acted any of these utterly different parts with equal excellence; yet now that Walter Hampden has won general acknowledgment as the leader of the American stage, I think less of his talents as an actor than I do of those personal qualities which account for his career and for which we have no other name than character.

WALTER HAMPDEN AS OTHELLO

It happens that I am able to write of Walter Hampden intimately, because I have been a witness of every step in his career. Thirty years ago, we were classmates in school together, and we have been inseparable ever since. In 1896, at the old Polytechnic Preparatory School in Brooklyn, the senior class gave a performance of The Merchant of Venice, under the direction of that memorable teacher of rhetoric, the late Professor Brainerd Kellogg. On this occasion, Walter Hampden Dougherty, because of his deep voice, was chosen to depict the part of Shylock, and, because of my extremely slender waist, I was chosen to impersonate Nerissa. Both of us decided then and there that Walter should be an actor in the years to come and that I should devote my energies to some other occupation.

Walter Hampden did not come of a theatrical family. His father, the late J. Hampden Dougherty, was one of the foremost lawyers in the greater city of New York and served as Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity in the municipal cabinet when Seth Low was mayor. Walter's elder brother, Paul Dougherty, went in for landscape painting and now is internationally famous as a painter of the sea. The Dougherty boys were brought up in an atmosphere of culture and refinement and were strongly influenced by the literary scholarship and excellent artistic taste of their distinguished father.

Immediately after graduating from college, Walter spent a year in Paris, living in the Latin Quarter with his elder brother Paul, the landscape painter. He studied reading with Georges Berr and acting with Silvain, both members of the Comédie Française; he studied singing with the foremost teacher of the Opéra; he practised fencing, and assiduously played the 'cello; he tried, in every way, to lay out a firm technical foundation for his future career on the stage. Then, at the age of twenty-one, he went to England, and, accepting the advice of his father's friend, Sir Sidney Lee, he became an apprentice in the Shakespearian touring company of F. R. (now Sir Frank) Benson.

The Benson company was at that time the best of all training schools for actors in the English-speaking world; and, now that it has ceased to be, our stage will be the poorer for its passing. During the years of his apprenticeship with Benson, Walter Hampden played more than seventy different parts in various plays of

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Shakespeare; and, when he went up to London as leading man for Oscar Asche (another old Bensonian) and Lily Brayton, he knew how to read, to stand, to move, to wear costumes and to act. When he was twenty-five years old, he was engaged to play Laertes to the Hamlet of H. B. Irving; but Irving was suddenly stricken with laryngitis and lost his voice completely, and the manager (another old Bensonian named Otho Stuart) with the production otherwise prepared to open, decided to risk the undertaking with Walter Hampden in the leading rôle. Hampden, of course, was thoroughly familiar with the play, because he had already acted no less than seven different parts in the cast; and he was able to acquit himself creditably as the Prince of Denmark, at the early age of twenty-five.

After seven years of acting on the English stage, Walter Hampden returned to his native country to produce The Servant in the House, which had been written for him by Charles Rann Kennedy. The great success of this extraordinary play is still a matter of vivid memory, for the piece has held the stage for over fifteen years. Hampden played the Christ-like rôle of Manson for three seasons; and the lofty spiritual beauty of this great performance drew thousands of religious people to the theatre who ordinarily had been accustomed to regard the playhouse not as a friend but as an enemy to the church.

It was not merely his talent as an actor but also his exceptionally beautiful character as a man that made Walter Hampden's performance of Manson such a perfect thing; but the reputation that he gained by his rendition of this part actually hindered for some time the advancement of his career as a histrionic artist. The managers, accustomed to casting parts according to type, were easily convinced that an actor who could play this Christ-like rôle so perfectly must be incapable of playing any other kind of part; and, for several subsequent seasons, Walter Hampden was left out of consideration when important rôles were being dealt out.

Finally, in the fall of 1918, Walter Hampden decided to become his own manager and to attempt the staggering task of rallying around him that minority of the theatre-going public which might be willing to support the greatest plays in the world. He scraped together all of the cash capital that he had saved, rented the Plymouth Theatre in New York for three special matinées, assembled and rehearsed a company, and presented the tragedy of Hamlet. At the close of the third performance, at the uncomfortable hour of six P. M., the entire audience stood cheering in their places; and Hampden, in a curtain speech, promised to continue the special matinées so long as the public cared to come. Thereafter, in that initial season, he played the part of Hamlet more than 125 times, at strange hours and in many different theatres, with an avid public following him around from place to place; and he ended the season with a profit of $3,000.

During the course of the following five years, he gradually added to his repertory the parts of Macbeth, Petruchio, Shylock, Romeo, Sir Giles Overreach, and Othello; he gathered together an earnest group of young apprentices and trained them into an efficient repertory company, so that any one of them is prepared, at an hour's notice, to play at least three different parts in each of the standard plays in the repertory; he toured the country from coast to coast, rallying the cultured citizens of every city to the standard of the classic drama; and he reinvested his small profits in stage-sets and costumes designed by an exceptionally able artist, Claude Bragdon.

Then, after five years of patient preparation, he decided to risk his all upon the vast adventure of producing Cyrano de Bergerac in New York for the first time in more than twenty years. In order to do this, he rented the National Theatre for a year, at a cost of $100,000. The scenery and costumes cost approximately $50,000; and the running expenses of the production were calculated in advance at $13,000 a week in New York, and at $19,500 a week if the play should ever be taken out upon the road. Unless Cyrano should achieve an immediate and overwhelming success, Walter Hampden would be ruined as a manager and his career as an actor would be ended. Yet, throughout the perilous weeks of rehearsal in October, 1923, he went about his work with his usual unruffled calm, thinking always of the other actors in his company and never worrying about himself. Once, and only once, he lost his temper because of the inefficiency of a subordinate; and he denounced this inefficiency with a proper indignation. Thereupon, one of the stagehands was heard to remark—"I've been waitin' six weeks for that guy to lose his temper; an', when he did, he didn't even say 'damn.'"

Cyrano de Bergerac achieved its destined triumph on the night of November 1, 1923. After the fourth act, when the whole house was cheering and the critics were beaming up and down the aisles, I went behind to Walter's dressing-room. "It's all right," I said, "we needn't jump into the river." "That's good," he answered, "now I shall have time to rehearse Othello properly. It's a greater play than Cyrano, and I am better in the part."

This little article is necessarily written in advance of Walter Hampden's first appearance in New York in the part of the Moor in Othello; but he has acted it sixty times in different cities on the road, in preparation for this Metropolitan appearance, and I have seen him play the part before an audience in Los Angeles, in Hartford, and in Brooklyn. It seems to me the finest and the noblest of his Shakespearian creations, though Hampden himself prefers his performance of Hamlet, because he has now played the Prince nearly 500 times and feels that he has approached more nearly his ultimate rendition of this rôle than he has yet been able to approach his own ideal performance of the Moor.

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BISHOPS AND BRAINS

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

ONE of the two literary pathologists who month by month record their "Clinical Notes" in the pages of The American Mercury—in this case I more than suspect the diagnostician to be Mr. H. L. Mencken—has written some pungent pages in the December issue concerning the deathbed symptoms of the Ku Klux Klan. I am not keenly interested in what Mr. Mencken has to say on this rather threadbare subject, although I hope his prediction of the early demise of the subject of observation speedily comes true; but I find what he has to say concerning the effect of the passing of the Klan on the Catholic Church in the United States to be of more than usual importance. Mr. Mencken pays his compliments to the dignity and discretion with which he thinks that Catholics, in the main, have borne the assault of the bigots. "The net result of the Ku Klux buffoonery," says Mr. Mencken, "once it runs its course, will be, I believe, vast profit to the Church of Rome in the republic. . . the danger is, indeed, that Holy Church will come out of the combat, now beginning to languish, with such flying colors that its General Staff will grow somewhat cocky, and so overlook some weak spots in its defences. One of those weak spots, in America, lies in the inferiority of its higher clergy, compared to their predecessors of the last generation. To say that the Church has failed to produce another Cardinal Gibbons is to say only what is both melancholy and obvious. . . The present hierarchy, it seems to me, shows no sign whatever of producing a leader of equal or comparable skill."

Mr. Mencken continues with some more or less appropriate animadversions on what he deems to be the impolitic conduct of some members of the hierarchy on various occasions. He then throws out suggestions that the Church, in the days of prosperity which he says are coming for it, may run into squally weather. The absence, which he seems to take for granted, of high mental ability on the part of the higher command on board the bark of Peter may be responsible, he thinks, for troubles that might be avoided were the leadership more comparable with that supplied by Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland.

Mr. Mencken's remarks remind me of a passage in Chesterton's story of The Man Who Was Thursday, wherein the anarchist relates his many misadventures in trying to disguise himself by assuming not only the garb but the mental habits of respectable members of society in order that in this way he may penetrate the inner courts of civilization, for the ulterior purpose of blowing the whole business sky-high. One of the parts he selected for this purpose was that of a bishop. He read the literature concerning bishops, at least the literature supplied by anti-clerical and secularist sources. He then proceeded to carry out his conception of a bishop, with the sad result that he was nabbed by the police as a patent imposter in the first public place where he ventured to try out the part.

It seems to me that Mr. Mencken's notion of the part played by bishops in the affairs of the Catholic Church is rather amateurish, and smacks of the methods of the inexperienced anarchist in Chesterton's story—I hasten to add, however, that it is a conception shared by a great many others than Mr. Mencken, particularly by those whose single standard of civilization is what is termed "the intellect," or, in general, intellectual attainments and ability. Mr. Mencken is the champion press-agent, in this country, of the Superman superstition (Supermania, it might be called). His advocacy of the aristocracy of brains throws him into strange company at times. For example, it places him in the company of such advocates of purely governmental supervision of human affairs as Professor Albert Edward Wiggam, who worships brains with such gusto that he has written a big book, indeed several of them, urging us all to set at the head of the state a bureau of eugenists who will so regulate marriages and births that in the end we shall be a nation of intellectual supermen, bossed by the most superior one of the lot, who, obviously, will be a scientist like Mr. Wiggam. When that happy day arrives, no doubt, a man of letters of Mr. Mencken's type will become the official propagandist of the new régime.

Whether there are or are not men among the American hierarchy of today who have the mental ability of that very great man, the late Cardinal Gibbons, or of that perhaps even greater man, Archbishop Ireland, may or may not be so. That it is at all times eminently desirable to have among the hierarchy of the Catholic Church great intellectual leaders should go without question. All Catholics would feel sad if they really shared the view held by Mr. Mencken of the striking inferiority of the present intellectual equipment of the American bishops. They at least equal him in his admiration and respect for the great qualities of the two leaders whom he singles out for his special praises. So far, we are all at one with Mr. Mencken. But where it seems to me he fails to grasp a true conception of the real work of an American bishop, and of the true part played by purely mental ability in the economy of religion, or the technical work of religion, is precisely the undue emphasis placed by him upon purely intellectual ability, and his neglect to recognize the part played by other qualities that are perhaps even more important. I am sure that Mr. Mencken would hate to think that his own mentality was even a wee bit of the Protestant variety. Yet, with all due respect

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to him, and also with all proper regard to Protestants, it may be said, quite without offense, that the Protestant churches have done a good deal to instil into minds not swayed by the Catholic view of religion, an exaggerated opinion of the place of the more showy and public manifestations of intellectual ability, in the field of religion, than these really deserve. The great emphasis placed upon the preaching of sensational sermons that may be tremendously eloquent but which often have little or nothing to do with religion is one striking sign of this tendency. The part played by so many non-Catholic clergymen in non-religious public affairs, and in the purely secular interests of the community, is still another symptom of the same tendency.

Apropos of this matter, I remember an incident that occurred in California, in which a bishop played a part. A certain non-Catholic historian of the West was so impressed in the course of his researches by the heroic character and the great achievements of the founder of civilization in California, the Franciscan friar, Junípero Serra, that he very properly thought that something should be done about it, in the way of public appreciation of Serra. He thought people should erect a great monument to him. He was also indignant because it seemed to him that the Catholic Church had failed to recognize the value of her devoted son.

"Why," he indignantly said to the Bishop, "has not the Catholic Church promoted Father Serra to be a Saint? Surely, if any man deserved to be honored by his own organization, he was the man. Look what he has done for California and America. He it was who introduced the arts of civilization, who began agriculture, who laid down the very foundations of civilized life in the West."

In what fashion the bishop modified the indignation of his friend the historian, I am not in a position to say; but I do feel that he must have been a little bit amused by the scale of values adopted by the historian, who in this was typical of so many other modern minds in judging the work of religion. It is quite true that Serra was a man of great intellectual gifts. He was famous as a lecturer on philosophy in the universities of Spain when he was still a very young man. The highest paths of preferment were open to him in the world of letters of the Europe of his time, yet he threw all this over and plunged into the wilderness among a savage people. He gave his life, all his powers of body, mind and soul, to his great task. That great task was to save human souls, to lead them to eternal life. Incidentally, but also as a matter of real importance, he taught them the arts and crafts of civilization; he taught them to build houses, to till the earth, to weave, to carve, to sing, to paint; he let light in upon their minds through education. Meanwhile, to him personally all that he did was also done for the purpose of developing the power of goodness in himself. He was a seeker after sanctity. Yet, it is not the brilliant and masterful and wonderful Father Serra who among the pioneer priests of California seems most likely to be honored by the Church with the title of Saint. It is an obscure parish priest who all his life stayed in one spot, obeying the orders of others rather than commanding their obedience, a man whose intellectual gifts were probably not more than sufficient to enable him to master the things necessary to become a priest, the holy man of Santa Clara, Father Magin Catala, who seems likely to win that highest of honors within the power of the Church to bestow. This is because in Father Catala there was visible, in a degree superior even to what was evident in Father Serra's case, the glowing light of sanctity.

This obscure California case is typical of the history of the Church in the world for 2,000 years. There are great and marvelous intellectual luminaries in the calendar of saints—names like St. Paul, St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Thomas of Aquin, and scores of others are typical examples. But they were not named saints simply because of their intellect. Thousands of other names are on that glorious list, of persons who were totally undistinguished for intellectual gifts. But the obscure beggars, and tramps, ex-thieves, humble parish priests, cloistered nuns, former sailors and soldiers, even a lawyer or two, whose names appear side by side with those of the great lamps of the illuminated intellect, shared in common the one thing needful—heroic goodness.

The bishops of the Catholic Church are not always either saints or marvelous lights of intellectual eminence, sometimes perhaps they would with difficulty qualify for even the lower degrees of goodness. But human goodness is always what they seek; it is goodness more than intellect which they know to be the one thing above all others desirable. As bishops, each and every one of them today, as through all the centuries since the beginning of the Church, and as it will be until the end of the world, are first of all the shepherds of souls. They are likewise administrators who care for complicated organizations called dioceses—each one with its scores or even thousands of priests, and hundreds of churches, schools, seminaries, hospitals, asylums for the old, the orphans, the sick, the insane, the lepers; together with many subsidiary organized groups carrying on educational, charitable and spiritual labors. When a great bishop, or a prelate, like a Newman or a Serra, a von Ketteler, or a Manning, or a Gibbons, or an Ireland, appears—men who in addition to the usual and accustomed work of their high offices are also great intellectuals, or literary artists, or orators—men whose mental gifts are so conspicuous that even those not of their own faith respect and admire them—the whole Catholic Church applauds also, and is glad. But Catholics likewise know that great bishops are great not because of these added gifts, but because they are leaders in a spiritual sense, because they are the men whose dioceses are first

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of all administered in the interests of the one thing above all things necessary, the serving and saving of human souls. Finally, it is my own opinion, and the opinion of well-informed lay persons who are, in all likelihood, better acquainted with Catholic Church conditions and bishops than Mr. Mencken, that he has made a decided blunder in asserting the inferiority, mentally, morally and practically of the present-day incumbents of our Catholic Sees. In spite of the conspicuous eminence gained by the late Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, the general body of the hierarchy appointed during the last twenty-five years is so superior to the general body of their predecessors that Mr. Mencken's impression can only be accepted as an opinion formed merely on his properly high opinion of the two great men he singles out for mention and by his unacquaintance with Catholic bishops in general.

ON THE SICK LIST

By HELEN WALKER

IT was Christmas night, and the table—perhaps anticipating those who sat about it—groaned. When the mince pie had made its début and just before I had lapsed into a comatose condition, two remarks came to me hazily.

"What a marvelous thing the cross-word puzzle craze is for augmenting a limited vocabulary," said someone. "Think how it increases one's command of verbs, nouns, adjectives—"

On my other hand, someone was saying—

"Yes, I am on the executive board of Rainbow Hospital. We need one hundred more beds and are planning a drive—"

Later that night, I seemed to enter a modern hospital, and going to the information clerk, said—

"I have brought some books, and should like to visit one of your charity patients—the one who is suffering most."

The clerk turned to the switchboard and asked—

"Has Adjective had his supper yet?" Then to me—

"Second floor, ward 3, second bed on the right, elevator to the left."

A few minutes later I entered the ward and stood beside the most forlorn prone figure I have ever seen. The head and shoulders were swathed in bandages—beneath the covers I could discern lumps that looked like splints—and more bandages. I laid the package of books on the table at the head of the bed and then addressing myself to what little was discernible of an old, shrivelled-up face, said—

"I'm sure I didn't understand your name correctly downstairs. May I know—"

The tortured lips interrupted me—

"Adjective," they muttered.

"Oh—I am delighted to meet you—though distressed to see you in such a pitiable condition. How have you come to this?"

The suffering figure made a wry face and wriggled itself a little higher on the pillow.

"Perhaps you can help me. I've been here so long now that I wonder if I'll ever be well again. You see, they won't stop abusing me."

"What?" I cried. "Aren't the nurses and attendants here good to you?"

"Oh, they're not so bad. It's the public."

"How do you mean?" said I, puzzled.

"They're responsible for my condition," said the patient, a dangerous light growing in his eyes. "They, the ungrateful heirs of a priceless beautiful tongue—" and he began to toss feverishly and grow very excited.

"There, there," I said. "I'm sure they haven't meant to injure you."

"Haven't meant to injure me!" he screamed. "What difference does that make? They've nearly killed me, just the same."

"How?"

"Misuse—abuse—neglect—everything terrible they could do to me."

"But in concrete instances?"

Adjective slowly lifted a mangled, maimed hand out from the covers and held it before my revolted eyes.

"See that? That's my word 'little.' How many times, my dear Sir, in the course of the day, do you hear people misusing poor 'little'?"

"I don't understand," I mumbled—ashamed, I knew not why.

"Oh, you don't? Well, you're one of the worst offenders yourself in that line. Just two hours ago, weren't you repeating over and over again to Smith, apropos of the Jones divorce—'Too bad. I hear he has such a nice little wife.' My dear Sir—do you realize that Mrs. Jones weighs 185 pounds and is six feet tall? Little, indeed!"

"No, I didn't know. I'm sorry for the mistake."

"Oh, that isn't the first time, by any manner of means," cried Adjective, wrathfully. "You're always saying that people have nice 'little' wives—regardless of whether the lady in question has to go to the stylish stout department for her gowns, or not. And what about your own wife?"

"Well, if she *is* tall, she's not fat," I said proudly.

"Maybe not," grumbled Adjective. "But how does *she* treat me? Isn't she always telephoning her friends to tell them that she's just bought the loveliest

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little frock? And when they come to see it, it's yards from neck to hem."

"According to my orders," I replied. "But surely this isn't of such importance."

"You'd think it was important if every time you were beginning to convalesce, some silly woman would give you a set-back like that," roared Adjective.

"But even so, I don't see why 'little' should be so damaged."

"Oh, you don't? Well, did you ever know a woman who did not have certain frocks made by her 'little' dressmaker (who may tip the scales at 200) or who didn't go to the intelligence office for a nice 'little' maid? Oh, don't talk to me about poor 'little,' " said Adjective, tenderly putting that wounded member back under the covers.

"Well, well," I said, trying to be cheerful, "surely we can start a campaign to stop the misuse of 'little,' and we'll have you out of this hospital in no time."

"Oh, you think so?" asked Adjective, sarcastically. "Well, what about poor 'old' "—gently lifting the other maimed hand out for me to view. I drew back involuntarily—for this was indeed a crippled member.

"What have they done to it?" I asked, transfixed with pity.

"Oh, only mutilated it," said Adjective.

"But I can't recall—"

"Can't you? Well, I'll help you," said the irate Adjective. "Is there ever a journalist, who, on renouncing journalism for another career, at no matter *what* early age—does not speak of himself as an 'old' newspaperman? Now, I ask you, is there? And he may only be twenty-five years old when he says it."

"That's so," I replied, in surprise.

" 'Old' newspaperman, 'old' friend, 'old' hand, 'old' patron, 'old' actor, 'old' clothes—"

"But *they* usually are old," I cut in.

"Not in your wife's case," said Adjective, somewhat nastily, I thought.

"Last week's millinery purchase becomes her 'old' hat," and Adjective burst into a repulsive chuckle.

"Well, well," I said, trying not to be annoyed, "I suppose that's true. But surely we can stop that, too."

I shifted my position in the rather narrow space between the beds, and accidentally joggled the patient's elbow.

"Wow," he roared. "Look out for poor 'funny'!"

"I'm sorry," said I. "What's happened to funny?"

"Can you ask? The people are legion who say—'Such a funny thing happened the other day,' when they mean that something curious, or strange, occurred."

"Poor funny-bone," I murmured sympathetically.

"Oh, but that isn't all. Just look at this." And Adjective poked one foot, bandaged to the size of a banjo, out at me.

"What's that?" I asked in surprise.

"That's where they've cut me—that's what American youth has done to me," said Adjective ruefully.

"In what ways?"

"Oh, a thousand. The manner of violence differs in different parts of the country. In the West, they had a great fad for reducing scrumptious to scrum. All the flappers had a 'scrum' time at their silly parties. Many girl graduates abroad find everything 'fas' instead of fascinating. Then they've no sense of the fitness of things, these brats." Adjective sat up in bed and putting his savage old head on one side began to mimic grotesquely, in a cracked, falsetto voice—'My dear, how *screaming!*' 'Oh—it was a *lovely* funeral.' 'I've been having such a *hectic* time.' Don't they overwork my poor, tired, screaming, hectic, lovely, till they're worn to a frazzle from always being used in the wrong way?"

I had to admit that they did.

"And just look at this," went on Adjective, thrusting another bandaged limb in my sight. "This leg has been paralyzed by slang. Think of all the 'trick' waistcoats, trousers, coats, ties, etc. Trick really is part of Noun, but they've grafted it on to me, and made me suffer its abuses. And then there's 'up-stage,' 'high-hat,' ugh—" and Adjective pulled his maimed members back under the covers and rolled over in disgust. There was an awkward, uncomfortable pause for me—then—

"Do you know Noun well?" I asked to change the somewhat painful subject.

"Right across the aisle," grumbled Adjective. "Proper Noun—next bed to mine. Other side of me—Irregular Verb."

I looked hastily at the three beds and was surprised to see each occupied by a patient in a similar hapless condition as was Adjective. I really think he looked the greatest sufferer—though I must say, suffering had not softened him any.

Adjective suddenly burst into a hideous grin—

"They had to separate Irregular Verb and Proper Noun," he said. "Irregular Verb was always shocking Proper Noun. So they put me between 'em."

"Well," I said, helplessly, feeling somewhat thwarted in my mission of charity, "I must be going. I'll leave these books to cheer you."

I arose, but Adjective had nothing more gracious to say than—"Mind how you refer to anybody's little wife again. Why can't she just be a wife?" And Adjective picked up the top book on the pile, signifying that the interview was ended.

I turned, and abashed, moved hurriedly towards the door. But not in time. Something heavy whizzed through the air and struck the back of my neck. I was stunned for an instant—then I bent towards the floor to examine the missile. I recognized it as the book Adjective had picked up when I turned to go—and then I saw in horror what I had brought him. It was a Cross-Word Puzzle Book!

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COMMUNICATIONS

ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE

Wawa, Pa.

TO the Editor:—I suppose that one of the difficult problems an editor must decide is whether his publication shall be addressed to a wide audience or to a relatively small and unprofitable group of experts. The Commonweal, I guess on short acquaintance, intends to do both as far as that is possible, and by offering opportunity for discussion of matters of public importance, to diffuse information not easily accessible to the general reader, though of elementary knowledge to the specialists whose co-operation you have had the good fortune to secure. On this assumption it would be permissible to suggest that there is much in national policies affecting international relations of prime importance to every reader, (since every reader votes—or should, and as a last resource the voter is drafted to support these policies with rifle and machine gun without any noticeable consultation of his opinion on the subject) to the voter, generally speaking, such policies are obscure, and I think will always bear restating, whenever they are under general discussion. Let us take, for instance, one of our most cherished fetiches, the Monroe Doctrine, upon which The Commonweal carried an able leading article on November 26. I am in full accord with the author in his conclusion, having lived for many years with that nebulous theory on terms of great intimacy. I think though, that one assumes too lightly that everyone knows what it is all about, from the fact that we have had the Monroe Doctrine with us since the early days of the republic. One does not take into consideration (though one should) that in the past seventy years we have changed in population, in customs, in mental outlook and even in language so greatly that Mr. Monroe would have difficulty in recognizing us as his own people.

Since the world war the increase is amazing in the number of people who with the help of luncheon discussions, travelogues and six weeks in France or Washington in 1918 or in Geneva in 1924, know all about the problems to which some of us have given a life-time of study. That interest is all good; I have no fault to find with it. But in spite of a typically American assurance, knowledge is immature. It is not safe to assume that what one has to say out of practical experience, on any subject of international import, will be generally understood. I have, for instance, found the "Holly Alliance" to be in some vague way associated with the iniquitous pretensions and dark designs of the Vatican, and its attitude towards the new world quite vigorously resented as "insolent." As a matter of fact, one of the principal objects of that Holy Alliance of Emperors and Kings, which in its application to the revolted Spanish colonies forced from Mr. Monroe (or Mr. Canning) his pronouncement of the Monroe Doctrine in its original form, was to combat revolutionary tendencies and to restore law and order in the world, a fairly close parallel in principle to what the major powers of our own days are trying to do, (individually or through a "Holy League") to stem the tide of Bolshevism. Revolution in any form, meant to the conservative European of Mr. Monroe's time exactly what Bolshevism means today to the conservative American. The attitude of the Alliance towards Central and South America and Mexico, or towards the young Republic of the United States was no more "insolent" than was ours towards the Alliance—or than that of the Allies towards the Soviet government of Russia today.

In Latin America, a couple of centuries earlier, the Spanish conquerors, as a general practice, had divided both conquered lands and native inhabitants among the officers and men of their expeditionary forces, creating a serfdom, and in many cases an actual and particularly onerous slavery. That the Dominicans labored valiantly to overthrow this system does not matter to our present purpose; the condition existed. In the course of time a middle population grew up between the Spanish colonists and the oppressed Indian slaves, the half-bred "Ladinos," shrewd, energetic, ambitious, partly educated, speaking Spanish as their natural language, and free. This numerous body of men was barred in general, from high office in State and Church; the activities of the Ladino were largely confined to the mechanical arts. Disappointed in ambition, restless and seeking an outlet, they correspond rather closely to the European radical of our time, both in politics and in religion. They were generally atheists and always anti-government and anti-clerical. These men were the main strength of the wars of independence against Spain in the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century. It was they who drew what profit might be derived from victory by displacing in domestic politics the direct descendants of the conquerors. In certain Latin-American states still noted for revolutionary activity, the struggle still goes on between the "Ladino" of mixed race, and the "Goth" or unmixed descendant of Spaniards. The native pure-bred Indian then, as now, figures in the struggle only as a pawn, as a controlled voter or as cannon fodder. It was this condition which brought to the aid of Spain the allied rulers who had opposed the French Revolution, a conservative alliance, "holy" largely in the sense that they understood themselves to be the bulwark of defense of Law, Order and Religion against the rising tide of radical atheism. In the United States, though we were greatly influenced by French revolutionary doctrines, it was not supposed (except in flights of public oratory) that the Ladino possessed any of the qualities necessary to set up orderly self-government. That is abundantly evident in confidential dispatches of that date from our government to its agents, and probably had much to do with our inactivity in the conference of American states called at Panama by the "Liberator." At the same time, we had no intention whatever of permitting any political development, anywhere in the western world of a nature menacing to our own republican ideas, and to those ideas the monarchical principle was the sole visible menace in most men's thoughts.

It was, therefore, to the reëstablishment in America, of the monarchical form of government wherever it had once been overthrown, that the Monroe Doctrine was directed; not to the establishment of European colonies in America, but only to such colonies as integral parts of an absolute monarchy. It is possible that impetus was given to the formulation of the Doctrine by a secret memorial to the King of Spain, from the Viceroy of Mexico, in which the writer, pointing to the extraordinary growth of the English colonies since their successful uprising in 1776, and predicting with remarkable accuracy the overshadowing—certainly of Mexico, perhaps of the whole southern continent, by this new power, urged upon the King the strengthening of the Spanish crown and its American pos-

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sessions by erecting several American kingdoms, corresponding in territory to the several viceroyal jurisdictions, under princes of the royal house of Spain, united with the King of Spain as emperor.

I look on it as entirely natural that our young, vigorous Protestant republic (we should not forget that the United States were Protestant) should look with deep misgiving on any attempt by Catholic Spain to recapture her lost colonies; it seems to me quite clear that the monarchs of Europe, fresh from the scenes of the French revolution could not look upon the spread of revolutionary principles with any degree of complacency. Both we and the Holy Alliance were in the right of it. They were interested solely in their own safety and the preservation of their principles and beliefs; we, solely in our own safety and unhampered growth. As a practical matter, Latin America did not come into the picture at all. The Monroe Doctrine was, and is, a unilateral contract, not wanted now (however welcome it may have been at the time) nor trusted by those who normally would be the parties of the second part. It has led to the new Pan-Latin movement which is already something more than a mere vision, and which contains the germ of the Mexican Viceroy's plan modernized and fitted to present-day conditions.

It is with this history back of it that the Monroe Doctrine should be reviewed today. Conditions have changed radically in all the principal countries of Latin America, as they have with us, as they have in Europe. It may well be that this national policy, of vital importance to us a century ago, retains today high value, but a trading value only in the readjustments following the world war.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

THE RACIAL AND THE RELIGIOUS

New Haven, Conn.

TO the Editor:—May I be heard concerning Father Shortell's disagreement with my article on Religious Tolerance?

I did not say that intolerance of Catholicism was solely racial. I said that the issue was complicated by racial and social conditions. My remark—"The real cause of the conflict seems to be racial," has been unfairly lifted from its context, where it referred to a specific instance of intolerance. I believe that there are many such instances which are primarily racial. I do not believe and did not say that all anti-Catholic prejudice can be thus explained.

I should scarcely call Irish-Americans "the one outstanding evidence" of the Church's "vitality and influence" in America. Our thousands of Catholics of German origin and our many eminent converts are, for instance, other such evidences. I fully agree, however, that Irish-Americans are by far "the most conspicuous factor in the growth, the strength, and the support of the Catholic Church in this country." All honor to them!

The fact remains, however, that Americans of Irish birth or immediate ancestry are by many people considered, rightly or wrongly, to possess certain characteristics. What I maintain is simply that those who like or dislike these alleged characteristics should know what they are doing, that is to say, should not ascribe the characteristics to Catholics as such. To do otherwise can only cloud the issue as to essential religious differences.

I did not discuss the Irish question in my article, nor criticize Irish-Americans for agitating in favor of the cause in whose justice they so thoroughly believed. They had a perfect right to do so. But to use the Catholic pulpit and press for any political issue, much less a foreign one, showed, I insisted and insist, "intemperate zeal." It pained many Catholics and repelled many non-Catholics, regardless of their views on the Irish question, for the very good reason that the Church should not be used for any purely political purpose, domestic or foreign, worthy or otherwise.

My conviction that the proportion of Catholics of inherited culture is still, though growing, small when compared to that of non-Catholics, is based on much experience of Catholics and non-Catholics of all social grades. One cannot, obviously, conduct a survey and present statistics to prove a statement of this kind. So I am afraid that Father Shortell must remain unconvinced. The implications of the terms "higher strata" and "inherited culture" are sufficiently clear to all who would accept any definitions that I might make. Let me say merely that by people of inherited culture I mean those to whom books on etiquette are necessarily humorous. The class-characteristics of such people have no essential connection either with virtue or with vice. They do tend, however, to make social intercourse with other classes difficult on both sides. This is no reflection on any class. It is merely a fact. What I maintain here is again that people should know what they are doing, i. e.—should not ascribe class differences of which they are conscious to religious differences, when, as often, both are found together.

Father Shortell begins to criticize me with "timorous hesitation." This is so successfully overcome that by the end of his letter he finds me guilty of being unable to distinguish between real culture and snobbery. To this final charge I shall only reply with a polite bow.

(REV.) T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

CONTRASTS IN TOLERANCE

Narberth, Pa.

TO the Editor:—As a weekly journal The Commonweal is doing a work which strikes me as extraordinary and with a poise and clarity equally extraordinary. I speak from the point of a convert of more than twenty years when I assert that I consider the main cause of intolerance and bigotry lies, in the vast sea of slush which encounters those who have some sort of curiosity to enquire about or look around for the Catholic Church. That sea of mire has accumulated by the aid of historians, intellectuals, radicals and the stupidities of many generations. I confess I found it a hard task to wade through it; but once through it the vision is cleared.

The locked mind is a common thing. Many do not desire to ascertain, to make a voyage of discovery, to examine the claims of the Church and not what are said to be the claims of the Church. In spite of Tennyson, knowledge is largely a fountain sealed. And a still wiser man said—"Get knowledge and withal thy getting, get understanding."

I lived in England for a good many years but I never experienced the depths of stupidity, colossal ignorance and intolerance which now prevail in America in connection with Catholicism. On the contrary during the past summer while in England I was astonished at the change I found towards the Church, compared to ten years ago. Tolerance, a sense of common decency and a well marked interest struck me as conspicuous. Intelligence was alive there when the Church was concerned. Isn't it about moribund here?

CHARLES DECKER.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

EVERY now and then (and the experience has been distressingly rare this season) when the last curtain falls, you grope for your hat and walk up the crowded aisles joyously aware that you have been part of the play—that an author has led you through the maze of technicalities and stage illusions and compromises to a sense of reality, of the ironic contrasts of life, and of the bitter and endless struggle between evil and good. The Mongrel of Hermann Bahr is a play of that sort, beautifully balanced in its study of emotions, in its symbolism, and in its penetration to the very core of reality.

I am not prepared to say that it is a great play—for the version now presented is called on the program an "adaptation" from the original, and not having seen the unadapted form, it is difficult to make a fair appraisal. Certainly the New York play is not great. This impression may be partly due to the inadequate acting of one of the principal characters, but even more, I think, to an unevenness of structure, particularly toward the end, which becomes slipshod. In spite of this, however, it is a very noteworthy play, and carries that particular conviction of reality which only a master hand can achieve.

In outline, the story is this: an aged Austrian road mender comes before the local judge to file a complaint against the chief forester for having shot his dog—a mongrel, to be sure, but the only living thing to which he could talk. Now this judge happens to be a very unusual person, a man who makes many broad allowances for human frailties, and has already done much good in the small community by settling cases out of court. He discovers that the forester shot the mongrel because of its repeated efforts to break into the enclosure where the forester kept his thoroughbred dogs. The situation is further complicated by the fact that the judge is in love with the forester's daughter, and that she will have nothing to do with him because he represents the law, which many years before unjustly, or at least unmercifully, imprisoned the young man to whom she was engaged. That young man happened to be the son of the old road mender.

The judge obtains an agreement from the forester to pay damages. But that does not satisfy the road mender. And here begins the unfolding of a character which Rudolph Schildkraut has made one of the most impressive on our stage today. Picture a man who was once a decorated hero of the war with Italy, but whose life ever since has been a succession of tragedies—the loss of his wife, the imprisonment of his son, the degradation and disappearance of his daughter, and the discovery that the grandson who lives with him is a worthless scamp not much better than an idiot. Picture him as retaining through all this a certain splendid fortitude and courage, but also, as having only one companion in the world worthy of the name—his dog. And this dog the forester (standing, of course, for success and the protection of the law and for the beginnings of aristocracy) has shot for no better reason than to prevent the possible contamination of the breed of his own kennels. If he had shot the road mender himself, he could not have wounded him more irretrievably.

To the old man's bewildered mind, justice demands more than a money payment. He respects and admires the forester, yet somehow he feels that the punishment of a fine does not go deep enough. It does not hurt. The forester will never feel the money loss. Imprisonment is the only punishment that will redress the balance of the scales. The Old Testament says—"an eye for an eye," and even the persuasions of the parish priest are of no avail in tempering the road mender's sense of stern justice. He is obdurate, the more so because the villagers begin to heap ridicule upon him, and even demand that he remove the wooden cross he had placed on the mongrel's grave. Nor can the forester's daughter, for whom he has a great tenderness, alter his determination to obtain punishment. If necessary, he will appeal to the highest court in the land. Remember what the mongrel meant to him, and you can understand the intensity of his fury for retribution. But he finds at last that the law offers no redress beyond the fine. The law, even in the hands of the most humane of judges, cannot reckon the love of a mongrel in other terms than money.

A sort of madness seizes the old man. He cannot reason things out. He can only feel, and feeling tells him that the forester must suffer, too, before justice can be served. He comes to the forester's house to accept the offered payment, but the forester loses his temper. He has a pride of his own, too, the pride of intelligence pitted against the human mongrel. The men quarrel. Even the daughter can no longer pacify them. The road mender has been drinking. It is the only outlet he knows. And revenge is surging within him.

Later that night he comes back and meeting the daughter in the hall starts to strangle her. But he cannot finish his plan of revenge. Something snaps within him. At grips with a terrible reality, a slow light begins to penetrate his muddled brain. He rushes out into the night while the family revive the girl and summon the judge. The moment is set for a final ironic tragedy. I am sure Eugene O'Neill would have given us the final spectacle of the old road mender sentenced for attempted murder, the victim of a hopeless struggle against the soulless steel of circumstances. But Hermann Bahr knows life too well to paint it in one color, or in terms of a bitter logic. What happens is this: the road mender, broken and crushed, returns to the house to surrender himself. But the daughter refuses to say who attacked her. When the road mender pathetically appeals to the judge, convinced that he himself is now the criminal deserving punishment, the judge is deaf. This is another case to be settled out of court! The law may not understand the turmoil of a human heart, but the minister of the law can rise above the law itself. The dawn of a new dispensation begins to shine before the old road mender—nor does its light fail to reach the forester's daughter and to melt the ice of an old bitterness around her heart. The judge wins his own case—out of court!

Now it is possible to tell this story in a few words and have it appear trivial; or it is equally possible to let it unfold as it does in the play, with a cumulative effect that brings out the full tragedy of the road mender's mind, of his groping and bewildered intellect, of his inarticulate and striving protest, of his utter loneliness and apparent helplessness. I have chosen to give it in considerable detail chiefly because it runs counter to so much of the treatment and thought expressed by the alleged modern school of playwrights and particularly by Eugene O'Neill. Bahr proves by the earlier scenes and exposition of the play that his sensitiveness to apparent injustice, to crushing events, to the materials of tragedy is quite as finely

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tuned, if not better, than O'Neill's. Yet he manages to be equally sensitive to the other side which O'Neill's morbid pessimism blocks from his sight. Bahr sees something to love and cherish and develop even in the most degraded human nature. His is a keen and piercing eye, with no mercy for sham, but not a jaundiced eye. He has caught something of the flame of love as well as the fire of destruction.

The New York play suffers notably from the well meant but indequate acting of Maurice Colbourne as the judge. The character belongs almost to allegory, but Mr. Colbourne has lowered him to a sort of polite high comedy. This is doubly unfortunate because of the supreme artistry of Rudolph Schildkraut as the road mender. In this rôle, the elder Schildkraut has firmly and definitely demonstrated his great superiority to his much press-agented son. The road mender will stand out in your memory for many years as one of the most finished and subtly poignant figures you have seen on the stage—pathetic but never maudlin, bitter but always lovable, driven to madness but not to self destruction, a character of childlike innocence cloaked in the nobility of a tragic old age. This is decidedly a play for those who love the finer art of the theatre, both in the writing of a play and in its superb interpretation.

For Your List of Plays

The Mongrel—Remarkable acting by Rudolph Schildkraut. Reviewed above.

Quarantine—Considerable veneer pasted over an unwholesome comedy. To be reviewed next week.

The Little Clay Cart—An ancient Hindu play, with morals not easily understood today, but cleanly and charmingly presented. Reviewed next week.

Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.

They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.

Conscience—A rather poor play of an I. W. W. agitator who kills his wife and sees ghosts, redeemed in part by the remarkable acting of Lilian Foster, a newcomer.

Minick—An excellent comedy showing remarkable insight into the problem of two generations under one roof.

The Farmer's Wife—Perhaps the best comedy of the season with a splendid cast headed by the Coburns.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray—With Ethel Barrymore—an interesting revival.

White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.

Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse. Well acted, but the outlook unhealthy.

Grounds for Divorce—A sophisticated skit on the divorce mania.

Expressing Willie—A polite and somewhat artificial satire on psychoanalysis and faddists in general.

The Fake—In which a murder for the sake of eugenics and general convenience is made to appear quite the thing to do. A play that should never have been produced.

The Best People—An amusing play using trite material.

The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.

What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great play, which tries to be pacifist but only succeeds in extolling true glory.

Lazybones—The best rural comedy of many years. Very well acted.

The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.

The Magnolia Lady—A refreshingly clean and interesting musical play, with Ruth Chatterton revealing a new talent. Reviewed next week.

Madame Pompadour—A musical play based on the sophisticated morals of Versailles. Good music and moderately good costuming, but on the whole disappointing. Reviewed next week.

BRIEFER MENTION

The Arab at Home, by Paul W. Harrison, New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.50

AN excellent study of the character of The Arab at Home represents the experience gained by the author, Dr. Paul W. Harrison, for fourteen years the representative in Arabia of the Trinity Reformed Church of Plainfield, New Jersey.

Dr. Harrison confesses that the influence of Christianity on the Arab has never been generally established from the time of St. Paul down to the present day, notwithstanding the six Arabian bishops at the Nicene Council in 325 A.D. and the spread of the faith among the Tribe of Ghassan and in the city of Palmyra and the province of Gemen. A dead bloc in the Arab mind and soul seems to have met most of the attempts at Christian propaganda, and the character of the Moslem to have melted, and that only in part, before the medical and surgical blessings which the West is able to offer.

Dr. Harrison, in his silence regarding the work of other missionary societies, avoids all grounds of comparison with the labors of such religious communities as the White Fathers and other Belgians, Germans and Italians, who have, during recent centuries, been holding up the Cross to the clouded eyes of these Moslems of the coasts and deserts.

His references to the general mind of the Arab are admirably summed up in his statement—

"The Arab learns with great surprise that in the West many men by their own statement have no religion. Such a state of mind he cannot understand. A man may hold a false religion—that is a comprehensible attitude—but to be without a religion argues a lapse of mentality. Their religion may be mechanical and formal, but it is the centre of their lives and everything else revolves around it."

What Ails Our Youth, by George A. Coe. New York: Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

IN an honest study of What Ails Our Youth, the author sums up his various findings. "Religion," he says, "as well as industry, the state and general education is sick, and this sickness is due in material measure to the unfortunate cleavage between maturity and youth." For we are living in an age when old men chatter like infants and children spout behind the goggles of a newborn senility. The child, it seems, takes himself seriously as the father of the man. The concern of Mr. Coe for the absence of all authority is implied in his book, rather than firmly defined.

Unscientific Essays, by Frederick Wood Jones. London: Edward Arnold. $2.00.

THESE are pages, "the products of idle moments," yet so charmingly done that they make up a very interesting volume. Such subjects as An Evil Spirit, a Sea Serpent, Were-Tigers, Seals and Seabirds can have an attraction of outdoor character that will produce a fascinating moment around a hearth-fire in an easy-chair. The scene of these studies is sometimes London, sometimes Australia and the coral isles of the South Seas. Mr. Jones reveals a very fine aptitude for the essay form, a quality becoming rare among authors.

T. W.

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BOOKS

Viennese Medley, by Edith O'Shaughnessy. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

IT was nothing short of inspiration that gave this book its title: on the surface an obvious, almost banal title, that none the less teases curiosity with its suggestion of light, trilling laughter and the champagne joys of living; and then suddenly the veiled irony of it stands revealed, and you feel like putting your hands over your ears, to shut out the intolerable echoes of this grim medley of human suffering and impotence and lost hopes.

Of all Europe, Vienna stands out in memory peculiarly as the city of popular music. Its echoes are a medley of light and color and fragrance; flowers of pleasure plucked with the prodigality of youth and unspoiled by disillusion. But the medley that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has given us may be likened to an interweaving of Hoch Hapsburg and The Beautiful Blue Danube and the Austrian Hymn with the Dance Macabre and the Death March from Saul. And gradually the slow solemnity of the dirge gathers volume, rises and over-passes and drowns out the pride and arrogance of the national airs, the sensuous rhythm of the undulant waltz, as the Pilgrims' March in Tannhauser drowns out the music of the Venusburg.

Such at least is one way of interpreting the symbolism of this haunting volume, which in its simple directness, its clear-eyed vision, its unerring sense of the relative importance of the little things of life, has given us what one need not hesitate to proclaim one of the most poignant and most convincing pen-pictures yet drawn of the aftermath of the world war. The author obviously knows her Vienna not only well, but with an intimacy rarely achieved by an alien, even after years of domicile. She knows also the magic potency of place names, the nostalgia that lurks in the mental associations of the Graben, the Kärntner Ring, the Mariahilfer Strasse, one and all of those local appellations that collectively make up the city's physiognomy.

This picture of the Vienna that once was the author keeps magically hovering and scintillating like an evanescent mirage, just behind the tangible fabric of today's bleak drama. And it is this constantly stressed contrast, more than any one other element, that gives the book its special flavor and potency and almost unbearable heartbreak.

Viennese Medley is a marvellous bit of compression, a pocket epitome of the whole confused, motley, turbid life of Vienna today seen in a cross-section. The structure is of the simplest, built wholly around the gentle, lovable, rarely human character of Tante Ilde, best described by her favorite niece as "My Dresden China Auntie." Widow of a Viennese Kommerzienrath, enjoying a comfortable pension supplemented by her deceased husband's ample holdings in a beetroot industry in Bohemia, Tante Ilde has for years lived the pleasant life of a Lady Bountiful, heaping modest little benefits on the families of her numerous nieces and nephews, gathering them without fail around her ample table every Christmas and New Year's and Kaiser's Birthday, and growing old gracefully, with her snowy hair and skin like old ivory and the eternal childlike serenity in her kind blue eyes. But with the war came one cumulating blow after another. Her pension stopped; her beet-sugar vanished in the birth-throes of the Czecho-Slovakian republic; and almost over night her bounty, her prestige, her personal security are ended, and the only problem left is where to starve.

The nieces and nephews take counsel. They are not heartless, not ungrateful, not blind to Tante Idle's generosity in times of plenty. They are simply themselves hard-driven, even the luckiest of them; unnerved by war-time strain, haunted by the black shadows of poverty, disease and famine. Day by day fate taps the shoulder of some comrade or friend. Tomorrow it may be their turn—and an extra mouth brings starvation just so much nearer. Nevertheless they do what they can. Tante Ilde must be housed; but in a city where rents have soared fantastically, the best that can be done is not even a cupboard to herself, but a curtained alcove off the common living room of her niece Irma. Her dinners are a bigger problem still, solved by a week's carefully planned schedule: Monday with Liesel and Otto, Tuesday with Anna and Pauli, Wednesday with Hermann and Mizzi, and so on through the cycle back to another Monday. This plan, broached with enforced gaiety by the favorite neice, Corinne, has a holiday sound about it, an endless round of visiting. The very rhythm of these well-loved names is welcome to a lonely old heart. But of course the reality of these dinners has scant joy to offer. To go to these scattered homes means weary toil for aged limbs through long blocks of wind and rain; and when Tante Ilde reaches her goal, each day she shares new fears and sorrows, new aspects of hunger and malnutrition.

Through these different families Mrs. O'Shaugnessy takes us into a succession of widely varied social strata: the bureaucratic world of Liesel's husband, Otto, clerk in the Finance Ministry like his father and grandfather before him; the professional world of Hermann Bruckner, broken-down physician, and Kaethe's husband, Eberhardt, former university professor; the retail trade world of Mizzi, Hermann's wife, whose cleverness has built up a clientele for her milinery shop, where she caters to fat Jewesses and bleeds the pocketbooks of their profiteer husbands. Even that half-world outside the social pale is glimpsed in Fanny, the only niece with whom Tante Ilde shares no dinner, the only one who is mentioned with dropped voice and an air of restraint, yet also the only one with a purse as wide-reaching as her sympathies. It is Fanny who comes to the rescue in a crisis, who pays doctors' bills and puts up tombstones; and while her sisters do not visit Fanny, they dread her displeasure and they take her money. Oh, it is a widely kaleidoscopic picture of life that is interwoven into this Viennese Medley, and it throngs with portraits and types that are unforgettable, even when most briefly sketched in. Indeed, one questions whether the best of these descriptions are not the briefest—those where the author has, so to speak, taken a physical trait, a ruling passion, an attitude of mind and breathed into them the breath of life: and presto, there they are in enduring black and white.

There have been other pictures of cities swept by a corroding blight and spirits broken by hunger and by cold. But perhaps never before has the sheer physical craving for food been put across from printed page to reader with such contagious pain that you feel the grip of a great inward gone-ness, and curiously catch your breath with an odd restriction at a chance mention of the scent of food. We sit at table and agonize through a meal that is a mockery, where a few ounces of rice are stretched to feed some seven famished children—no, not feed, but merely to hold reluctant souls a few hours longer in their shrunken tenements of skin and bone. And even while they eat those carefully counted and apportioned grains, the frailest of these children passes on, leaving behind him only his little waxen image.

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Tante Ilde never finishes her first week's round. It begins bravely: Monday, Liesel, Tuesday, Anna, Wednesday, Hermann, like the memory of one of childhood's counting-out rhymes; and suddenly, as you read, there comes the forboding memory that in remote days, back at the beginning of things the counting-out rhyme was a death chant, the choosing of a sacrificial victim. Wednesday, Hermann, Thursday, Kaethe, Friday, Corinne—the count is almost out—then Saturday, contrary to plan, is Fanny's day; for Tante Ilde's pilgrimage is over and Fanny's part is the doctor's bill, the last rites and the monument.

Yes, the funeral march has quite drowned out the rhythms of Hoch Hapsburg and the Blue Danube. There are only the muffled drums, a quiet shuffling of feet—and peace. A little modern classic, unspoiled by false notes.

FREDERICK TABER COOPER.

Narcissus—An Anatomy of Clothes, by Gerald Heard. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00

MR. GERALD HEARD, like many another author, chooses a good title and writes around it freely. The result is a book—this time an interesting little book of philosophizing about that which is nearest, (to our bodies at least) our clothing. Mr. Heard is, indeed, no Sartor Resartus, but he has a way of his own, amusing, somewhat irresponsible, refined and not without Latin quotations. Here are the main qualifications of a modern work of literature—not so much the Latin quotations—as the delightful anti-Volsteadian liberty; not the Public Library or reference shelves exactly, but the book shop on the Avenue or at the quaint corner of The Village.

Among the really diverting things in this bachelor-apartment volume is the assimilating of sartorial fashions with architectural developments. For instance, the Assyrian King in his mitre trying hard to resemble the Mesopotamian Zaggurat or spiral tower; the slender figure of the Greeks on the vases of Alexandria; the pyramid and the gable headdress of the early sixteenth century; the lancet-arch and the long-toed slipper of the courtier. Perhaps this was suggested by William Morris when he said—"How can this people have good architecture when they wear such clothes?" It would be dangerous to pursue the analogy of our Derby hat in relation to some of our municipal buildings; the silk-hat in its harmonic surroundings of Adams panels and modern skyscrapers. Men's dress begins to flush with the return of color in our use of ceramics in building. Clothes, we learn, have even affected our anatomies—our ball room scenes may demonstrate certain changes. It has always been a problem with some people to find a solution of the question whether their bodies grew to fit the garments they purchased or whether by some mystical power the garments gradually conformed themselves to the wearer. "One thing alone seems established," as Mr. Heard assures us—"however they may develop, clothes are an authentic part of that eternal Becoming which is Life."

T. W.

The Sacrament of Silence, by Noel Sylvestre. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

MONSIEUR RENÈ, the young vicaire of Pont-Croix, the little Breton fishing village, had, in the words of his curé, "a conscience as sensitive as a child's." It is on this conscience that the burden is placed of concealing a murder committed by a childhood friend, and told to him partly under the seal of confessional, where he drew the frightened boy, before more than the words—"I have killed"—had escaped him.

The fishermen of Pont-Croix were in the grip of destitution. "La misère en Bretagne" was figuring in the daily journals, but without bringing the relief of charity. Starvation might well provide sufficient fuel with which to kindle a bonfire in the breast of an impetuous fisher lad, but we wish some bigger flame, some greater provocation, had set it ablaze, for the moment of the crime is the only spot in a plot almost melodramatic which did not appear fated and inevitable.

The character of the vicaire is beautifully developed. He has the true alchemy of a trusting child-like soul, and turns each tribulation from the dross of hardship to the gold of spiritual growth.

The style is sincere and simple, with only an occasional lapse from the illusion of peasant French. The action moves quickly through a succession of short, easily visualized scenes, which is worthy of note with a theme which could easily have become preponderantly psychologic.

To some readers, there will be many things about this book which may savor a bit too forcefully of the usual handling of certain motion-picture dramas, and to these readers, the descriptions of the quaint fishing village, the sound of the Brittany names—Quimperlè—Audièrne—Pont-Croix, will supply the chief charm of the book, together with the simply drawn pictures of the curé's box-trimmed garden, the tide returning across the flats, and the ocean sparkling in the sunlight. Noel Sylvestre undoubtedly has the gift of feeling and not only of seeing beauty, which enables him to paint it in a few strokes for others to see and to feel as well.

G. T. E.

Will Men Be Like Gods, by Owen Francis Dudley. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.25.

THAT human thought in its studious deliquescence can imagine a humanity as a deity must remain a curious thing to the well-balanced Christian observer. "Man," said Comte, "should worship the 'great being'—Humanity." J. C. Morison, in his book, The Service of Man, endeavors also "to show how the service of God, or of gods, leads by natural evolution to the service of man—from Theolatry to Anthropolatry." In his Outline of History, H. G. Wells pictures the Humanitarian Utopia as actually attained. Everybody is happy because everybody else is happy, each generation inheriting and adding to the happiness of the last.

Can we wonder at the great gap widening between these authors of the public library and the real public that toils and spins and suffers in the outer world of fact: at the sublime conceit of these self-constituted superiors who are their own judges and critics! The supreme court of human experience and fact is seldom consulted in these questions. Theory and novelty (and book-making) are the leash that binds such wagons to the star. Mr. Owen Francis Dudley's book, Will Men Be Like Gods, makes clear their futile cargoes, their worm-eaten panaceas and their blindness to the fact of the eternal light of the soul.

T. C.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. Lamb.

"'Twas the night before"—chanted the beaming Dr. Angelicus.

"But why doesn't someone commemorate in verse the morning *after* Christmas?" interrupted Primus Criticus, gloomily.

"Because anticipation is always greater than realization," sang the Doctor, unperturbed in his determination to enjoy a joyeux Noël. "Here it is the night before Christmas, and not one of us has yet peeped into the bulging stockings that hang from yon mantel of the Calvert Club. Let us proceed to business,"—and Dr. Angelicus gaily hummed a snatch of song as he selected the largest stocking and dumped its contents on the table.

"But this is not funny," he mumbled irately, as the first gift tumbled out, bearing his own name. It proved to be a large black frame surrounding a piece of illuminated parchment—gay with initial letters in red.

"God bless our home?" inquired Statisticus, who was busy examining his own stocking.

"No," grumbled Angelicus, rather embarrassed, and trying to hide the gift. But Tittivillus was too quick for him. He snatched it out of the Doctor's hands and held it up for the others to see. The inscription read—

"To Doctor Angelicus—one of his early poems, sacred to me and treasured these many years, which I have lovingly illuminated and framed that he may ever have this piece of beauty before him, reminding him that even in his youth, he was a Great Poet."

"Hear, Hear," said the Editor. "Read the poem aloud."

Tittivillus began in sing-song chant—

"Women now prefer the poodle
To the baby on the knee—
And a rare old-fashioned mother—
You very seldom see"—

With an angry roar Angelicus seized the frame from the grinning page boy. "Impudence," he thundered.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

"There, there," said the Editor soothingly, "let's see what Santa Claus has brought me." And he emptied his stocking on the table. A dainty red and white package fell out.

"With best wishes for a Happy Christmas from the Printers to the Editor," he read aloud with gratification. "Ah—looks like a book. Always thought those printers had good taste." The others crowded round to see, as a large black leather volume presented itself. The cover read—"My Trip Abroad—a Daily Chronicle of Twelve Months in Europe for 1925."

"The delicacy of printers in casting gentle hints is a thing to marvel at," said Doctor Angelicus, dreamily, as the rather embarrassed Editor thrust the book in his pocket.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Just then a loud groan came from the Business Manager as he displayed a blue and gold book entitled, "How to be Happy on Nothing a Year." "It can't be done," he sighed.

Miss Anonymoncule drew forth a large package of magazines and a letter which she read aloud—

"Knowing you are The Commonweal's proof-hound, I have diligently gone through the copies of The Commonweal published up to date, and have marked in red ink all the typo-

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graphical mistakes you have overlooked. Yours in Christian feeling—An old Proof-Reader."

Sadly Miss A. opened the magazines. "The Red Sea," she sobbed, as the crimson pages fluttered.

❧ ❧ ❧

At this juncture, Tittivillus opened the door for two porters who carried in a very large object.

"For Miss Boadicea," the card read. Unwrapped it proved to be a chaise-longue heaped with boudoir pillows—one, the largest, of black satin embroidered in yellow with the motto—"Here I stay—Here I rest." On investigation this fancy work proved to be the work of Tittivillus's own hands.

❧ ❧ ❧

Hereticus was mumbling savagely over his gift—a box seat for a performance of Peter Pan, and a week's board at the Williamstown Institute of Politics.

❧ ❧ ❧

"But what about Tittivillus?" asked the Editor. The grinning imp, who had been feverishly awaiting permission to open his stocking, emptied out its contents, which proved to be—The Book of Etiquette, and the Social Register for 1925.

❧ ❧ ❧

"Here's something for Professor Hereticus—signed by Cyril B. Egan," chuckled Angelicus. "I don't know whether Mr. Egan has been making a special study of your work, Hereticus, or whether he's sent this in just because of its general appropriateness; anyhow, here it is. It is entitled Values:—

Boggs,
The Bard of Revolt,
Writes *god* with a little *g;*
But value-mindful,
Signs himself,
BOGGS
With a capital *B!*

❧ ❧ ❧

"It's all a bad dream," muttered the Editor. "But I'll tell you what we'll do. The Salvation Army wagon will call in a few minutes for presents for the worthy poor—"

"Thank God for the Salvation Army," said Angelicus, piously.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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